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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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NO. 16

EASTER SUNDAY AT THE CHURCHES

Appropriate Services and Special Music the Order of the Day.

BEAUTIFUL FLORAL DECORATIONS.

Short Descriptions of the Easter Observations in Several Smethport Churches.

Easter Sunday was celebrated at St. Elizabeth's church with services appropriate to the gladsome day. The church was beautifully decorated with a profusion of roses, lilies and carnations, lending appropriate surroundings to the joyous nature of the services. The special music was sweetly rendered by the excellent choir.

Large congregations attended St. Luke's church on Good Friday and on Easter Day, the church being filled with communicants at the 8 a. m. service. At the [illegible] a. m. service the music was grand as it voiced the triumphant note of the feast days. The combined choirs numbering forty-six voices filled the church with waves of music in the anthems and hymns at evensong, and made a most inspiring service. The rector spoke in the morning of the "Power of the Resurrection," and in the evening told the children the story of the Easter Day and its lessons. The Lenten offerings of the children, amounting to $54, were presented and will be devoted to the support of the children's missionary in the diocese of Pittsburg.

The font was lavishly decorated with potted plants and cut flowers given by Mr. D. C. Young to whose children it was a memorial.

At All Saints', East Smethport, on Easter Day there was an interesting service with a large attendance. Several Easter carols were sung and offerings made for diocesan missions.

The Easter services at the Methodist church were listened to both morning and evening by large congregations. The church was beautiful for the array of cut flowers and potted plants. The impressive and appropriate discourses delivered by the pastor, Rev. Patterson, carried to the hearts of his hearers the true spirit of the day. The splendid music rendered by the well trained choir was a credit to the members. At the morning service Miss Martha Brennan sweetly sang a solo with violin and organ accompaniment and in the evening Mrs. Chapman pleasingly rendered a solo.

Well attended and appropriate services were held at the other churches.

"Are You a Mason?"

A coming attraction at the Lyceum will be Leo Dietrichstein's great comedy success, "Are You a Mason?" which will be seen Wednesday night, April 29th. The play is in three acts and is from the German, the source of which the American stage has obtained its biggest humorous successes in recent years. The principal characters are a stock broker, who was formerly an actor; a gay old father-in-law, a gentleman farmer, a young architect, an excitable mother with two pretty daughters, a maid, policeman and a cloak model. Time, now; place, New York. Act 1, Friday noon; acts 2 and 3, Saturday afternoon. The point of the comedy is the success which two gay husbands have of deceiving their wives through the pretense of belonging to a Masonic lodge. The two husbands are involved in all sorts of comic complications, but they manage to escape successfully through the exhibition of pretended signs and grips of Masonry. The company which will be seen in the play has become known as one of the best comedy organizations in the country. Their success in this comedy was so complete last season that the entire company was reengaged.

The Catholic Fair.

The fair given by St. Elizabeth's church opened at the Lyceum Monday evening with a good crowd in attendance.

Sutton's orchestra was on hand and soon the dancers were gliding over the polished floor to its inspiring strains. The orchestra is receiving many compliments on its excellence.

On the stage a number of the ladies of the church look after the supper arrangements. Every night substantial dainties (if the term is allowable) are served to the hungry from 11 o'clock till all are satisfied. The table arrangements and refreshments are a credit to the ladies having them in charge.

The crowd was somewhat smaller Tuesday night and the dancers "broke away" earlier, but everybody had a good time just the same.

A good-sized crowd was in attendance at the fair last night. A hot chicken supper will be served at 6 o'clock tonight. Don't miss it.

Remember the fair lasts all this week and if you are looking for dancing, good music or a good supper the Lyceum is the place to go.

BACK TO THE WOODS

With Mr. Blumle of Cameron County Senator Matson's Bill Passed.

From the account of legislative doings in yesterday's Era the following is gleaned:

Mr. Plummer of Blair, chairman of the Committee on Elections, presented the report on the contested election case of Henry H. Mullin, Rep., against Representative Francis X. Blumle, Dem., of Cameron county. The committee, from the evidence, find that Mr. Blumle received 23 illegal votes by reason of bribery; that he received 57 illegal votes by reason of the unlawful payment of taxes of the voters who cast them and that he received four illegal votes cast by persons who were not actual or legal residents of the election precincts in which they voted, making a total of 84 illegal votes, which the committee believe and so determine should not be counted in summing up the general result of the election held in Cameron county on November 4, 1902, for representative. Deducting these 84 illegal votes cast for Mr. Blumle from [illegible] returned for him, the committee finds that he received [illegible] legal votes, or five less than were cast for Mr. Mullin. In accordance with these findings the committee submitted a resolution that Mr. Blumle was not entitled to his seat and that Mr. Mullin being legally elected is entitled to the same.

Senator Matson's bill conferring upon cities the right of eminent domain to remove dams in or near said cities passed finally in the House this afternoon and now goes to the governor.

Late Legislation.

The legislative session of 1903 closed for all practical purposes last night.

The Senate bill respecting trading stamps and other similar devices, to provide for and to regulate the mode and manner of redemption of said trading stamps and other similar devices and to provide penalties for violation thereof was defeated in the House on third reading yesterday.

Just before the House adjourned, Mr. Schultz called up for final passage the bill to give gold medals and cash prizes to mothers of large families, and it was passed with great hilarity by a vote of [illegible]. [illegible] House [illegible] prorogued as far as it can and the Senate will not consider any more bills on passage.

The Republican members of the Senate held their usual biennial caucus last night and nominated Senator William C. Sproul of Chester as the party's candidate for president pro tem of the Senate to succeed John M. Scott of Philadelphia. The Democrats have named Senator J. K. P. Hall of Elk county. The election will take place to-day.

Following are some of the bills signed by Gov. Pennypacker yesterday:

The Sproul good road bill.

Prohibiting the discharge of Flobert rifles, air guns and spring guns in cities and boroughs.

Providing that Courts of Quarter Sessions shall fill vacancies in the offices of townships, commissioner or treasurer upon petition of 20 or more qualified voters.

Requiring non resident hunters and unnaturalized foreigners to procure a license before hunting in this state.

Establishing a department of mines.

Authorizing county commissioners to change the polling places on petition of 10 or more voters of the election district.

Appropriating $35,000 for the purchase of a permanent camping ground for the National Guard of Pennsylvania.

They Went Fishing.

In spite of the depressing weather yesterday a number of fishermen hied themselves to the cold, damp streams in this vicinity in quest of the wary trout. Alfred Kidder reports great sport on Barney brook. He caught an immense number of "speckled beauties" that averaged 5½ inches in length which he was obliged to return to their native element in accordance with an Act of Assembly relative thereto. When he concluded operations he had 12 trout that were tall enough to pass a physical examination before a fish warden. Al Heath had an exciting encounter with a fiery, untamed rainbow trout on Blacksmith brook. Al finally captured the fish which measured 9½ inches in length. Roswell Sartwell of Eldred caught 20 nice ones out of Robbins brook, the largest measuring 12 inches.

Snappers' Dance Next Monday.

The snappers of the Smethport glass factories will give a dance at the hose house next Monday evening, April 20. The dance will be given for the benefit of Thomas Gilmore, who recently lost a leg by being run over by the cars. Everybody should attend. The High School orchestra will furnish music. Tickets $1.00.

Horseshoeing. Blacksmithing.

We have secured the services of Mr. F. W. Perkins, an expert horseshoer and are now prepared to give special attention to all kinds of common or special shoeing. Wagon and buggy repairs done while you wait.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

"A Dress Rehearsal."

"A Dress Rehearsal," as presented by the young ladies of the Junior Auxiliary at St. Luke's parish house Monday and Tuesday evenings, made a decided hit. It is a rather clever operetta and the music is catchy.

The parts were all well taken both orally and vocally. As "Miss Prudence Pinchback" Miss Jo Holder was especially effective and was greeted with liberal applause. Miss Dora Keenan displayed surprising dramatic talent as "Sophonisba Spivins," and Miss Lois Young made a hit as "Clara Wilkins." Miss Agnes McCoy was in good voice and sang with her usual effectiveness. In fact every member of the company deserves special mention and the audience was more than pleased with the entertainment.

A brief synopsis of the operetta as it appeared on the programs gives an idea of the plot of the play.

In the first scene we are introduced to the school-room of Grove House Academy, of which Miss Jones is the lady principal, and Mlle Epanard is the French teacher. It is proposed to wind up the term by a grand party and supper, an additional entertainment being a charade, which in the hands of the merry girls, becomes a burlesque imitation of "Cinderella." Mrs. Jarvey, a retired actress, and now a teacher of elocution, is called in to train the pupils in their parts. She, at first, demurs, as the play is some miles below "Shakespeare," but finally consents, and enters into the matter quite heartily.

The cast was as follows:

Miss Jones, Principal of Grove House Academy, Helen McCoy; Mademoiselle Epanard, French Governess, Mrs. Powell; Amy Fibbs, afterwards Cinderella, Agnes McCoy; Clara Wilkins, afterwards the Prince, Lois Young; Sarah Ann, the Greedy Girl, Mrs. Redfield; Sophonisba Spivins, the Romantic Girl, Dora Keenan; Martha Higgins and Carrie Jackson, afterward the spiteful sisters, Lucy Mitchell and Grace Smart; Mrs. Jarvey, Elocution Mistress, Helen Forrest; Miss Prudence Pinchback, a Visitor, Jo Holder; Rosa Jennings, afterwards Fairy Godmother, Carrie Stevens.

The President Carries a Gun.

The following story comes from St. Paul: "President Roosevelt is not entirely satisfied with the protection afforded him by the constant attendance of a squad of secret service men, so he carries a big revolver in one of the outside pockets of his overcoat. Gov. Vansant made this discovery the other day while the President was in St. Paul. When the President arrived at the capitol to address the legislature, he was taken first into the executive chamber, where he and Gov. Vansant were relieved of their overcoats by David Beasley, the governor's colored messenger. The party then proceeded to the house of representatives.

Later, when all were about to start for the drive and everything was in confusion of preparation, the governor happened to run his hand into the pocket of the overcoat into which he had been assisted, and, much surprised, he called out: "Hullo, Dave; this is not my coat. This one has a big gun in the pocket of it."

Then the President, standing close at hand, chuckled softly and, turning to the governor with the expansive smile that is one of his marked characteristics said quietly: "Oh, it's all right, governor, that coat belongs to me."

An examination of the two overcoats showed that the mistake was not at all to be wondered at, as both were black and made in the same style, with the black velvet collar. Then both were found to be about the same size in general measurements.

"Trodden Down"

The beautiful melodrama, "Trodden Down," will be presented at the Lyceum, April 24. Proceeds for the benefit of the hose company.

Messrs. Allen and Earle, who, with the assistance of Mrs. Allen, drill the amateurs in their parts and manage the production of the play, have received very flattering notices from the press in neighboring towns where they have produced similar entertainments. Good local talent has been secured and all indications point to a successful rendition of the drama in Smethport.

The entertainment will be given in a worthy cause. Everybody should attend and thus help the hose boys.

Railroad Item.

In preparation for the arrival of its new heavy passenger locomotive the Kushequa Route has begun relaying its Smethport hill with heavy new steel rails. They weigh 75 lbs. per yard and are arriving via Westline and the Penna. R. R. from the Maryland Steel Co. works at Sparrows Point, Md. The 60-lb. rail as fast as taken up will be relaid on the extension of the same down Cole Creek to Farmers Valley where a connection with the P., S. & N. can be made.—Kane Leader.

Cornell, Sun Proof and McDougall's white leads. Strictly pure linseed oils, turpentines, dryers, etc., at Redfield's Hardware.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

T. Seems has been appointed postmaster for this borough. We understand that being unable to give his time to the business he will make L. S. Bard his deputy, who will devote his entire time to the office. Mr. Bard is a young man of pleasing address and, if disposed to can make a very popular officer.

Hank Williams has established another stage line running from this place to Alton, on the line of the Buffalo and Bradford railroad. The stage leaves here daily at 5 a. m., reaching Alton in time for the train going north at 8 o'clock. It leaves Alton for Smethport on the arrival of the train in the afternoon at 5:41—reaching here about 8 p. m. Persons wishing to make a trip to Olean and back the same day can do so by this route, spending some five hours in that place.

The Fenians have been making something of a splurge for a few days past, but we fear it has resulted only in a splurge. A band of them attempted an invasion of Canada. They succeeded in capturing a little town called Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, but were subsequently driven out of it and at present no armed force of Fenians can be found on Canadian soil. We hear of bands of them concentrated all along the borders, but as some of the leaders are already in the custody of United States officials it is doubtful about anything being accomplished by them at present.

Dan Rice's Show.—As the great showman never has any but first class actors around him and he has made his show doubly attractive by adding a menagerie of choice animals he cannot fail of having a large attendance on June 19, 1866. By reading his advertisement it will be seen that the exhibition of animals will take place first and then an intermission of ten minutes before the equestrian performance. Those who do not wish to witness the latter can retire during the intermission. We doubt whether there was ever so fine a menagerie at this place before and we would advise everyone to improve this opportunity of witnessing a first class zoological exhibition.

On Monday, June 11, 1866, D. C. Freeman of Keating township met with an accident which resulted in his death in a few hours. He had been from his father's mill, about 2 miles below this borough, to a point on the creek some two miles below the mill and was returning at night when the accident occurred. It seems there was neither box nor buckboard on the wagon and he was sitting on the forward bolster, driving along at pretty good speed, when the bolt which held the reach together in the middle flew out, throwing the forward end of the reach and the bolster over towards the horses. This, of course, threw Freeman under the horses' hind feet, when they commenced kicking and running. Mr. Warren Stark witnessed the affair and hurried to the spot where Freeman lay. He found him insensible and apparently very seriously injured. He was taken to his father's house where he survived only about five hours. Freeman was a native of this town, was about 30 years old and was well and favorably known throughout this section. He was a sergeant in Co. C of the old Bucktail regiment, where he served his country faithfully until very severely wounded, when he was discharged from the service. Not content with remaining at home while rebellion was still defiant he again entered the service in '63 as a lieutenant in — Regiment, but being still a cripple and unable to endure the fatigue of the march he was ordered by the general in command to be honorably discharged. He leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to deplore his unnatural death.

We are glad to announce that a new blacksmith shop has been established where first class work will be done. We refer to the shop of Frank Freeman on Water street, east of the old cemetery.

Died, in Smethport, June 18, 1866, Eva M. Martin, daughter of Adam and Wilhelmina Martin, aged 20 years, 8 months and 16 days.

If Dan Rice sent his circus here the other day on an electioneering tour we trust he will come often. If, however, his object was to entertain this community we implore him never to cross the county lines again. So far as the circus was concerned it was the most complete "one-horse" affair that ever visited this region and the universal prayer of our people is "deliver us from such henceforth and forever." The only redeeming trait of the whole concern was the menagerie, which is a small but very well selected lot of animals.

The New York Legislature passed a law prohibiting the free pass system on railroads in that State. By a provision of the law all passes were taken up on and after the first of May. The editor of a Fort Wayne paper had his pass taken up on the New York Central railroad the other day and by special request of the conductor "stopped over" at Utica. He addressed the following affecting letter to his spouse: "Dear Wife:—Sell my other clothes for what they will bring and remit at once. Had my linen duster for supper and my spare shirt will have to go for lodging. May be able to make a light breakfast on a German silver comb and a pair of shears that I chanced to have with me. Don't know when I shall get home. It will depend a good deal on the walking. Don't marry for a few months; there is a bare possibility of my getting back. Simon."

In Regard to Foreign Missions.

Because a custom has been established by the practice of a long term of years it does not necessarily follow that the custom is a good one. Long established customs in civil government, medicine, surgery, mechanics, etc. have gradually proved to be evils and were therefore abolished. While it is a question that has many times arisen to vex the convictions of its adherents, it is nevertheless a pertinent one: Why do not the churches of the United States of America abolish the custom of maintaining, or helping to maintain, missions in foreign countries?

One of the most sensible arguments that can be brought against this custom is the old proverb "charity should begin at home." Although it is a fact that cannot possibly be disputed that the church does an inestimable amount of good among the benighted inhabitants of our broad land, although millions of dollars are annually spent in alleviating the spiritual and physical distress of the dwellers in crowded and poverty stricken districts of our large cities, although the church in any community must be considered the leading power for all that is good, pause and contemplate how much more could be done if all the splendid energy and indomitable perseverance of these pure-souled men and women now engaged in foreign mission work were expended in their own country.

There are people living in New York City who never heard of God Almighty. In the mountains of several Southern States are a race of pure blooded Caucasians, whose civilization is barely superior to the Zulus, and several other of the more advanced African tribes. In the Philippines are abundant fields for the missionary [illegible] in the strenuous life theory. The spiritual condition of the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego is no worse than that of several tribes in our newly acquired possessions, but in the Philippines there is the advantage of the missionary being in touch with American soldiers.

The case of Mrs. Stone opened the eyes of a great many people to the dangers in which a missionary is placed even in supposedly civilized countries. Mrs. Stone, by the way, was the occasion of great anxiety and considerable expense to this country. But she was not to blame. She was sent there as a representative of a custom that sends men and women out into the world to imperil their lives. Does the result justify the custom?

Is it the wish of the Lord that tender women should go into the wilds to their death for the purpose of making a few doubtful converts to Christianity. The horrible fate of those Swedish missionaries during the Boxer uprising in China is still fresh in the memory of the world. Men were put to death in so revolting a manner that the details were unprintable. The women were cruelly beaten, brutally outraged and some of them literally torn to pieces by the fiendish heathens to whom they had been teaching the word of God.

In the interest of humanity, if for no other reason, let this great work be confined to American territory. Let the little ones see for themselves the glorious results brought about by their Sunday school collections. Let the philanthropic assist in the work of placing his great contributions. And best of all—let these faithful, zealous workers remain in touch, if not with home and kindred, at least with human beings of their own race.

This foregoing theory may be all wrong, but to one entirely unacquainted with missionary work it seems a practical solution of a serious problem.

A READER.

The Body Snatchers.

Marie Corelli writes for "The Philadelpha Press" Sunday, April 19, on "The Body Snatchers."

A savage, unbridled attack on those who have given and propose to give memorials at The Home of Shakespeare. Miss Corelli is nothing if not sensational when she champions a cause, and in this vigorous "appeal" she flays everybody who holds opinions different from hers on the subject and attacks generous Americans, including the late George W. Childs and Andrew Carnegie.

Read it in next Sunday's Philadelphia Press, April 19.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

If you want to do some stretching get the Tackle Wire Stretcher at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

BULLFROGS ARE GAME.

New Law Protects the Amphibians from Promiscuous Slaughter.

In accordance with the bill which was signed this week by Governor Pennypacker, bullfrogs and terrapin have been placed in the category with other game and hereafter will receive the protection of the State. The bill provides a penalty for catching or killing them between certain periods of the year. The bill in full is as follows.

"Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that from and after the passage of this act it shall be unlawful to catch, take or kill any bullfrogs only from the first day of July to the first day of November, and terrapin save only from the first day of November to the fifteenth day of March in each year.

"Section 2. Any person or persons offending against the provisions of this act shall be liable to a fine of $25 for each and every offense, to be sued for and recovered before any alderman or justice of the peace."

The passage of this bill will seriously interfere with an industry which has sprung up recently in various rural districts for killing and raising bullfrogs for the market.

Twelve-Inch Gun Explodes.

A disastrous explosion occurred on the battleship Iowa on Thursday, while the vessel was at target practice in the gulf of Pensacola. The forward port 12-inch gun burst from the premature explosion of a shell, twelve feet of the piece outside the turret being demolished. Three men were killed and five injured, two seriously.

The killed are: First-class Seaman Kiehle, Ordinary Seaman Percell and Gunner's Mate Berry.

The injured are: First-class Seaman Gaught, Ordinary Seaman Teasdale, Brown, Mansdale and [illegible].

The men killed and injured were on the second [illegible] at mess. Three pieces of the exploded gun, each weighing over a ton, passed downward through the spar deck, falling upon the men at mess, instantly killing the three men named. All the men were horribly mutilated.

Some claim the explosion was caused by a defective shell and others think that the frequent firing of the pieces at Culebra during the winter, added to the work done at Pensacola during the past ten days, so strained the piece that the force of the charge burst the gun.

The Time to Act.

Smethport business men are fast beginning to realize that now is the time to act in the matter of getting new industries into this place. They know that at the present time nearly everyone has the money and can afford to use it in bringing some permanent industry into our midst.

The glass factories have been and we hope will continue to be a big help to this place, but owing to present conditions they are an uncertainty. There is always a question about how many months in the year they will run and the long shut down during the summer months retards the growth and welfare of the town in which they are located. And now, more than ever before, owing to the machines, the question of starting is more perplexing.

Let us keep the glass factories, but do not be content with them alone. With the proper amount of hustle we can locate other factories here, factories that will run the year round and with such factories Smethport would be the best town or city in McKean county. All that is needed is a little hustle on the part of our business men.

Help the Town.

Every good advertiser helps to build up the community. Every merchant who fails to advertise is not only neglecting an opportunity which could be used to his own advantage, but he fails to help the town to grow when it might be gradually coming to a point of more importance as a trading centre and where it would offer him a better field for the extension of his business. People wonder why some towns are considered live and others dead. They do not understand that the live towns are the abiding place of live merchants and that the dead town is a place where the worst sort of business men are making a futile effort to keep business from going to pieces by inadequate second-rate advertising.—Advertising World.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending April 11, 1903.

E. R. Brady, Mrs. Dickison, Miss Edith Emerson 2, Mrs. Bertha Graul, Mrs. Ed. B. Kellar, J. H. Mitchell, Sylvarus Pierce, Swift & Co., Miss Dorothy Turner.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

READ IN THE FLAMES

... By Mary Wood

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Mr. and Mrs. Bergen believed in higher education for women [illegible] they told each other. "We will give Katie the chances we didn't have."

Katie was a tall, awkward slip of a girl who wept salt tears when [illegible] thy was decided. She never [illegible] would go off to that [illegible]. She would die of homesickness. Mrs. Bergen quite melted at the picture, [illegible] her husband was firm. It was [illegible] for her to go, and go she did.

But the energy that had made her childhood a perilous one flowed readily into the new channels. The first month found her contented, the second enthusiastic. The letters which told of quizzes, exams and profs grew more and more unintelligible to the two old people. She was living in a world into which they could not enter. Even as they thrilled with pride in her attainments they felt a strange pang, as if their firstborn were being gradually stolen and a changeling left in her place.

What with the [illegible] of the four winters, the [illegible] of the summer vacations and the [illegible] visits to [illegible] they felt that the [illegible] brought her back to them almost a stranger.

She was certainly no longer the little Katie who had gone away in tears. Miss Katharyn Bergen was a tall, self possessed young woman who wore eyeglasses and clothes of a masculine cut.

Mr. Bergen was secretly aggrieved at sight of the eyeglasses. "When she had the making of such a pretty girl," he said mournfully to himself, "an' mother an' I havin' such good sight at our age!" He felt that it was a high price to pay for learning.

Mrs. Bergen was shocked by her daughter's [illegible]. Her stiff collars and [illegible] vests [illegible] brotherly bosom. She was, however, a woman of discretion. She recognized in her daughter a [illegible] which [illegible] with Mr. Bergen had taught her to respect. So she made no comment on the distressing changes.

What she did not say Scotville did. Katharyn was more than a nine days' wonder. She was a perpetual volcano. She had lost none of her original energy; rather it had increased by practice. The town needed to be uplifted and her hand was ready for the work.

So Scotville was introduced to that new creation, a woman with a purpose, and was not overpleased. Her old girl friends detected an undercurrent of patronizing in all her advances and refused to enthuse over her. The men who had been been companions in her tomboy days declared that a jolly good fellow had been changed into a prig and voted her schemes for [illegible]. She scandalized the old [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible]

It seemed [illegible] Katharyn had [illegible] Perhaps it was not as he had feared; she had not grown beyond his reach. But the succeeding days had brought only disillusionment. The girl, smarting under the almost universal rebuffs of her well meant efforts, classed him ruthlessly among the ranks of her opponents.

If she missed their old time confidences, their happy talks on men and books, she gave no sign. Instead she withdrew more closely into herself.

Her rooms were on the ground floor of the Bergen homestead. There she sat and read or mused bitterly long after she had said "Good night." From her windows the lawn sloped down gently to the river. Often when her head grew weary she would slip out quietly to breathe the freshness of the night.

One evening the moonlight had lured her from her books. The strains of a violin came, softened by distance. All Scotville was at a dance—all but she, and she had refused. Her paltry excuse had been that she and her mother had promised to spend the night at an old aunt's in the country during her father's absence on a business trip, but sudden indisposition had kept them from going, and now Katharyn hurried down the river path, as if to escape the witching sound.

She had wandered farther than she knew when a cry broke the stillness: "Fire! Fire!" She turned and ran back dizzily. Swift intuition told her that the column of smoke and flame rose from her own home. Scotville thought all the family were away. There would be no one to waken and save her mother.

As she panted up the lawn she saw confusedly a string of people. They were passing buckets. These girls in filmy ball gowns (the girls she had patronized), these men in immaculate evening dress (the men she had frowned on), were fighting to save her home. But there was no sign of her mother.

One wing was ablaze, while smoke poured from every window of the main building. Perhaps it was too late.

With a cry of anguish she broke through the inner circle of figures and because they were [illegible] of her presence had darted up the steps and disappeared into the smoke.

A wave of heat as from a furnace met her as she dashed up the stairs. Sparks from the burning landing above rained down upon her head, but she flung open the door of her mother's room and staggered to the bed. The room was empty.

She turned back blindly toward the door. Smoke whirled in upon her, choking, suffocating. The very walls seemed to flash into flame.

She fell forward.

She awoke to the delicious coolness of water dashed upon her. As she opened her heavy eyes two anxious faces bent over her. One was her mother's, [illegible] but untouched by smoke or flame. The other [illegible] turned and [illegible] It was Jack's.

With a little sob of content she closed her eyes again. These two that she loved best were safe. Yes, she acknowledged it to herself now, she loved Jack Selwyn.

And he had saved her. She had felt his strong arms close her when she fell. After all the months of her studied unkindness he had risked his life to save hers. She had been blind indeed, but she had read her heart in the light of the flames.

Now she put out her hand timidly. "Jack," she whispered softly.

He seized her cold little hand in his. "What is it, Kate?" he asked, his voice [illegible] with a newborn hope that seemed too good to be true.

And when she opened her eyes and gazed up at him [illegible] he knew that love had conquered pride and that the sweetheart of childish days was his to have and hold forevermore.

Paradox in Taste of the Sexes.

"Did you ever notice what women eat?" asked a restaurant man the other day. "See those four women who have just come in? I'll wager that I can tell you what they will order before they are seated. It will be either salad, cream puffs or chocolate eclairs."

The women seated themselves, toyed with the [illegible] and [illegible] ordered [illegible] coffee.

"[illegible] we would never [illegible]" the restaurant [illegible] person [illegible] at the thought of beefsteak and such things. They want something dainty. Even the feminine acrobats of the stage close their eyes in horror at the thought of roast beef."

When it comes to candy, though, there is a paradox. Confectioners say that almost as much candy is purchased by men as by women. The men buy it often to eat themselves too.

"One of the best patrons we have is a former football player now practicing law in this city," said a candy man yesterday. "He eats everything in the way of sugar from chocolate drops to cream candy and always has a box of it in his desk, just as some other men have cigars to hand out. If you want to make him angry say that effeminate men are the only ones who eat candy, and he will give you a line of argument that would sell goods if he were a drummer."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

She Missed Her Guess.

The car was crowded with shoppers, each of whom [illegible] the special brand of headstrong and aggressive bundle that [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] striking [illegible] from [illegible] street. There he arose [illegible] sounded like a sigh of relief. [illegible] dignified woman pushed him back to his seat, saying, with a smile [illegible] "I have stood so [illegible] I am perfectly able, sir, to stand the rest of the way."

He subsided with a gasp, but at the next corner he arose again. "Be seated, sir," she said. "I do not care for your seat."

He choked a little, but managed to stutter, "You can stand if you wish, but this is two blocks beyond my street. I must get off."

The other passengers smiled, but there was an ominous frown on the dignified woman's brow, and it boded trouble for somebody at home.—New York Press.

Manners Maketh the Man.

That we are a rushing, busy people is no excuse for lack of "manners." It is just as easy to be polite as impolite and takes no more time.

Bad national manners are the result of bad training, or entire lack of it, at home. If the wife and mother would be very careful about her own deportment, children would learn by example—the only true way to learn. Good manners are the result of the refining influences of home life and cannot be acquired without practice in this way. Culture cannot be simulated or put on for occasions.

Samuel Johnson says, "The difference between a well bred and ill bred man is this—one immediately attracts your liking, the other your aversion."

Manners certainly cover a multitude of other sins. A man may be poor, homely, too small or too large, but if he is innately refined—for true manners are inbred—he will always attract. This is equally true of both sexes. It is culture that maketh man—or woman.—American Queen.

A Fortune In a Clock.

A man in Vienna possessed as an heirloom an old clock made early in the sixteenth century. He thought it was worth about $10. One day a stranger came and offered him $400 for it. The owner suspected that if it was worth that it might be worth more, so he investigated the matter. He soon received an offer of $4,000 for it and finally sold it to the Kensington museum, London, for $20,000.

A Sure Investment.

Patience—Did he invest in any of these get rich quick concerns?

Patrice—Oh, yes; he married money.

MUSCLES OF THE EYE.

A System of Exercise by Which They May Be Strengthened.

"Are your eyes sore? After reading do they feel as if they were crossed and does it seem as if a numb swelling nestled between the brows?

"In three cases out of five of eye trouble there is no ailment with the orb itself, but only with the muscles which control its movements," said a noted oculist. "The eye muscles have become flabby and weak and require toning up and strengthening. This may be done by eye gymnastics.

"Whenever the eye is in use its muscles are brought into play. Look at an object in the distance or look at another at close range, and the eye performs an imperceptible movement either of sinking deeper or of rising out of the socket in order to adapt itself to the range, exactly as a telescope is lengthened or shortened for various distances. Every time the eye turns to the left or to the right or upward or downward it is controlled by muscles that perform merely the mechanical part of turning the organ of vision. It is in the decline of these muscles where most people ought first of all to seek their complaint.

"Nothing is simpler than to remedy this evil. Stand erect, gaze straight ahead and throughout the entire exercises hold the head in this position, making it necessary for the eyes alone and not the muscles of the neck to come into play during the ensuing gymnastics. Hold a dime between two fingers and extend the arm straight in front as far as possible, at the same time riveting the gaze on the coin. Always looking at the dime, approach the coin gradually until it is within four inches of the eyes. Then extend to the original position and repeat the movement. It will strengthen the muscles controlling the eyes on range adjustment.

"For the second exercise keep the head in the same rigid position as before and, holding the coin extended, keep the eyes fastened on it and move the arm as far to one side and as far to the other as the eye can follow the arc of the sweep.

"Holding [illegible] and arm and coin as at first, [illegible] the eyes [illegible] to see the [illegible] [illegible] until it disappears from vision.

"Perform these exercises faithfully and in two or three days the eyes will be brighter and eyesight better. Crow's feet will disappear and the youthful vigor when the eye was at its highest state of efficiency will be restored."—New York Press.

What Causes Shyness.

The manner in which shyness shows itself differs greatly in different people. Sometimes it is caused by inexperience and the want of self confidence that comes from knowing little or nothing of the ways and customs of society and sometimes, too, it arises from self consciousness and is simply vanity under another name and in a different guise. It may sound harsh to say that the shyness of many people is caused by their conceit, but it is a fact all the same. They are always thinking of themselves, wondering if they are making a good impression, or looking their best. They imagine that every one is remarking them, and if not quite certain of their surroundings they get hot and nervous, flurried, awkward and uncomfortable. If they would only think less of themselves they would be far happier and [illegible] pleasanter companions.

Food For Nervous Individuals.

[illegible] Fruit of all kinds is good for them. Raw eggs, contrary to the common opinion, are not as digestible as those that have been well cooked. Good bread, sweet butter and lean meat are the best food for the nerves. People troubled with insomnia and nervous starting from sleep and sensations of falling can often be cured by limiting themselves to a diet of milk alone for a time. An adult should take a pint at a meal and take four meals a day. People with weakened nerves require frequently a larger quantity of water than those whose nerves and brains are strong. It aids the digestion by making the food soluble, and seems to have a direct tonic effect.—Science News.

The Organ of Taste In Insects.

The antennæ of insects do not appear to contain any organ of taste, for wasps and ants quite readily took into their mouths poisonous and unpleasant food, even swallowing enough to make themselves ill, while some bees and cockroaches fell a prey to the temptation of alum, epsom salts and other nauseous foods placed in their way. These substances were not, however, swallowed, but were soon spat out, the creatures sputtering angrily, as if disgusted with the taste.—Chambers' Journal.

A Shallow Subterfuge.

"Why is that congressman so opposed to beautifying the city of Washington?"

"Well, he's constantly posing as a servant of the people, and he's afraid his constituents will get an idea that the servants' quarters are too luxurious."—Washington Star.

Patient.

"Well, Jones is certainly a patient man, with a temper hard to ruffle."

"Patient is no name for him. Why, that man has been known to go out with his wife to select wall paper and go through the ordeal without losing his temper."—Baltimore Herald.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, and, having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.—Carlyle.

Their Blase Conversation.

"The thing to do" said his social adviser, "is to be blase."

"I know, I know," was the reply, "but it's such dreadfully hard work to be blase."—Chicago Post.

LAW AND THE LADY

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"What ails Billy Epperson? Looks like he's a-laughin' all over, from his hat crown to the sole of his boots," one asked another on the streets of the county town. It was court day, and five hundred odd horse trades had been made in the public square since 8 o'clock. Squire Ricks, king of the traders, stood a little at one side.

Billy crept upon the squire with a crafty yet sheepish grin. "Don't know as you mightn't find yerself perusin' round the crossroads 'long erbout this time termorrow?" he said interrogatively. The squire pretended not to hear. Billy had spoken in a loud, shrill whisper. In the same key he went on: "'Twould be wuth some little more'n the law allows, and that's a matter o' risin' $2 ef any squire in

"WHY DON'T YOU ASK WHO'S GOT ME?" HE SAID.

good standin' did happen round thar then, with a license ter marry folks snug in his pocket."

"Hey, there! You, Billy! Who's goin' ter run off with you?" the squire demanded, his eyes twinkling. Billy's bashfulness was a proverb all through the countryside. The squire was amazed to see him turn beet color and put up imploring hands, whispering louder than ever, "Lordy, squire, will you be shore ter tell her I never took and told you?"

"I'll give you ten ter tell me who she is," the squire retorted, chuckling. "I'd even make it a yoke o' young steers, Billy; got 'em in a trade terday and hain't got no other earthly use fer 'em."

"That's temptin', but she's done swore me not ter tell," Billy returned, mopping his face. Then all at once over [illegible] he [illegible] asked, "Yer'll these clothes pretty noisy, squire? I told the clerk [illegible] at [illegible] ways fer gettin' the loudest."

"Why, what for?" the squire asked, letting his eye [illegible] run over a green and red cross barred suit, pink shirt, blue dotted scarf and straw hat banded with red, yellow and black. "Seems ter me you want Billy on the dead clean. As it is, well, everybody 'll think there's a cyclone comin'."

"Jest so. And git out o' the way fer it," Billy retorted, chuckling more than ever. "That's bound fer be some stompin' and whoopin' and roarin' and chargin', in short, and I wanted a suit that would harden me ter anything. Ef you think these is rale tarrifyin', I'm as proud as a June bug that has jest cut wings."

They had been standing apart. The crowd surged up around them, sending Billy off as fast as his long legs could carry him. Looking after him, the squire whistled, saying in the privacy of his beard, "Son, I'll be on hand all right."

* * * * * * * *

A big spring burst out beside the crossroads, thus helping it to mark the intersection of district, state and county lines. Now it is plain why the squire's jurisdiction extended over but one of the four corners. A frog pond innocent of shade took up the most part of his territory, but he stuck to it gallantly until he saw a cloud of dust, visible a mile away, resolve itself into a light buggy drawn by a span of panting horses.

Opposite the state boundary post the buggy stopped short. Instantly the squire gave a shout: "You, Billy, drive on down in the pond! I won't be shore o' my authority until you're where the water's belly deep ter your horses."

"Hush-sh!" a voice from the buggy said—Billy's voice, smothered and sepulchral. "Sh-sh-sh! Can't you understand, squire, I ain't doin' none o' this?"

"Then who in thunder—oh, I see!" the squire said, with a long whistle. The buggy was moving obedient to his orders. Thus he saw inside its hooded depths. Billy sat there, glorious in his noisy new raiment, the pattern of fettered bliss. He was bareheaded and had one hand tied fast by an embroidered handkerchief to a rib in the buggy top. The other was handcuffed with a silk bandanna to the wrist of a very pretty girl, who sat beside him, reins in hand, her cheeks twin damask roses, her eyes dancing with mischief.

"Who have you got there?" the squire demanded, restrained from explosive laughter by the calm innocence of the girl's face. Billy groaned. "Why don't you ask who's got me?" he said. "I'm jest a-dyin' ter tell you her name's Anne Blair, and she wants you ter marry me ter her 'fore ever her pappy can ketch her."

"And be quick! That's pap, a whoopin' now up at top o' the red hill," Anne supplemented. The squire fished out the license, scribbled furiously for ten seconds, cleared his throat and went through the marriage ceremony without drawing breath. There was need of haste: the whoops came louder, shriller, more savage. At the "pronounce you man and wife" Billy let out a whoop on his own account.

"You'll b'ar witness I was ketched and tied, won't you, squire?" he asked joyously, snatching himself loose and tumbling out of the buggy to hug his bride.

Somewhat mystified, the squire scowled hard at Billy. "I always liked your bashfulness, young man," he said severely, "but this is carryin' it a little too far. No gentleman ever permits it to be said that his bride marries him whether or no."

"Lord knows I was willin' and anxious," Billy protested. "But you see the ole man hated the looks o' me."

"Shut up! Thar he comes!" Anne said half tremulously. With a great rush and roar old man Blair and three more hard riders swooped down upon them. The old man made to seize Anne and swing her up before him. Billy stood valiantly forward, caught the swooping arm and said sturdily: "Too late, Mr. Blair; I can't spar' my wife, not even ter you."

"Wife! Ef you've dared ter marry my girl, I'll send you ter the penitentiary fer abduction. It's twenty years, ain't it, squire, fer runnin' off with a gal under eighteen?" the furious father demanded.

A great light dawned on the squire. He nodded emphatically, but said, with a dry laugh, "That's the law, but ef I was you, Joe Blair, I wouldn't try ter make out a case. Billy Epperson is o' full age, free, white and twenty one. Nobody can't be teched fer runnin' away with him, and I'm bound ter swear, ef you put me on the stand, that he's the one abducted. Better shake hands all round and come on ter my house. I'm bound ter give an infare for the prettiest and the grittiest little gal in the county."

The Problem Solved.

When the man with the penchant for mathematics boarded a Twenty-third street crosstown car he was inclined to be controversial. He had something on his mind, and he wanted to unburden himself.

"If a man is on a car going north or south and he strikes a sudden curve going east or west, which way does he go?" he asked.

The men on the back platform to whom the question was addressed didn't want to commit themselves. One little dried up man who had charge of a laundry basket full of clothes suggested that the passenger would go northeast or southwest.

"That's because you don't know anything about tangents," interrupted the mathematician. "Now if a man is on a car going east or west and he strikes a curve going north or south, or vice versa"—

Just then the cross town car gave a sudden jerk and swept out of the tracks of the Lexington avenue line near Broadway. The mathematical man bumped against the conductor, caromed off the rear railing and landed in the basket of clothes. When he was assisted to his feet, he said with the air of a man who suffered to make a discovery for science:

"I guess I was wrong. He hits all the points of the compass."—New York Press.

No Gentleman Is Impolite.

It is a good thing to remember in these days of hurry and rustle, of competition and business excitement, that politeness, which costs nothing, may often result in substantial benefits. It never pays to be rude, no matter whether the rudeness is to a man of influence or to a pauper. In the one case the rudeness may be followed by unpleasant material consequences; in the other one must feel a loss of self respect, and self respect is a valuable asset.

There are plenty of opportunities for politeness in this whirling city of affairs. In the street car, at the theater, in crowded office buildings, in the streets themselves, you demonstrate several times a day whether you are a gentleman or a boor. And it is quite beside the mark to say that one has no time to bow and scrape to do this little thing and that little thing. One always has time or ought always to have time for at least a pleasant look, a kindly word, a friendly action. No gentleman ever forgets his good manners.—New York Press.

The Genesis of the Cravat.

Cravats date from the incursion of the Croats into French territory during the Thirty Years' war. The French termed these invaders "Cravates," and a freak of fashion made their somewhat clumsy neck gear popular about 1636.

The fancy must have spread very rapidly, for we find lace cravats with broad ends hanging in front replacing the wide collars of the cavaliers during the earlier stages of the civil war in England. Charles II. made white cravats a part of the uniform of his Life and Dragoon guards.

The palmy period of the cravat was early in the eighteenth century, when these articles were made of the very finest lace and were so expensive that even the richest of fashionable young men could not afford to have more than two of them in their wardrobes.

The Ideal and the Real.

Uncle Joe—This is a queer world.

City Man—What makes you think so?

Uncle Joe—Well, a painter feller came down to my place last summer and while he was loafing about painted a picter of my dog. I heard afterward that he sold it for $50, so I brought up the dog, thinking I could get at least a cool $100 for him; but, by jingo, I can't even give him away!

Strenuous Society Life.

Dorothy—Six luncheons in one week! Did your gowns hold out?

Isabel—Yes, indeed. But I hadn't any conversation for the last two days.—Puck.

Spring and Summer Goods

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN MILLINERY.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK. SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place to buy a nice, sweet piece of Fresh Salt or Smoked MEAT whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for Fruit and Vegetables I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of Picture Mouldings ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa

Leonard Koenig, located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of PAINTING AND DECORATING.

UPHOLSTERING
Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
Smethport. Penna.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse)
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House.
SMETHPORT, PA

For a FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. PALMER,
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1903.

MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.

Paste this in your hat.

[illegible]

Farm Implements, [illegible]

[illegible] will give [illegible] Cash.

	New	Were
American D. B. Axes	$ .75	$ 1.00
Mann "	.85	1.00
Kelly "	[illegible]	1.25
Champion S. B. "	.60	.75
Warren "	.75	1.00
Bissell Carpet Sweepers	2.00	2.75
Syracuse Side Hill Plow	[illegible]	14.00
Elmira Flat Land "	[illegible]	11.00
Hunts Cream Separator	5.00	6.00
20 Quart Milk Cans	2.00	2.50
Gas Mantles	.08	.10
"	.14	.18
"	.22	.25

Fence wire and staples below competition.

[illegible] prices on [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport Thursday, April 16, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Austin will soon have a new railroad station.

—Bell Bros. of Olean have an interesting ad to-day.

—The high school baseball team will soon organize for the season.

—D. M. Brasted is now prepared to furnish you with ice cream. Read his ad.

—The early closing movement is being agitated by Mt. Jewett business men and clerks.

—Shepard & Gallup have a new ad this week in regard to good tea. It is interesting and should be read.

—A Pinkerton detective is now at work on the Ulysses bank robbery matter. No trace of the robbers has been found.

—The new cup defender, Reliance, has been launched. From all indications the Shamrock III will eventually be second.

—It has been estimated that the cost of paving Bolivar's main street would be $26,000, exclusive of the street railway's share of expense.

—The big saw mill of the J. J. Newman Lumber Co. at Hattiesburg, Miss., was burned a few days ago, entailing a loss of $200,000.—Austin Autograph.

—"Reasons for Joining the Church" is the pastor's subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "Satan Outwitted" is the subject for the evening.

—Henequen hats will be featured at the St. Louis Exposition by the Mexican government in hopes of starting a fad that will put the Panama out of the business.

—The Pennell inquest was held in Buffalo last Friday and resulted about the same as the Burdick inquest. Nothing was proven or disproven and all still remains a mystery.

—The school house lawn is being graded—a much needed improvement. It is to be hoped that the usual crop of hay will not be harvested from the square this season. Why not buy a lawn mower, school board, and keep these beautiful grounds in proper condition.

—According to the old files of the MINER when residents of this vicinity were married the happy couple immediately sent to the editor of this paper a basket of wedding cake and anywhere from $1 to $10 in gold, aside from the notice of their marriage. It was a beautiful custom and should be revived.

—"Trouble Down," the celebrated Irish drama, will be presented at the Lyceum theatre Friday evening, April 24. Proceeds for the benefit of the hose company. Don't fail to attend.

—George West fatally stabbed Ralph Ferrell at New Castle last Saturday night. The men were matching pennies and got into a quarrel. West is in custody charged with murder. He claims he acted in self defense.

—Says an exchange: A dear old soul living in Montrose, when told the young man living next door had "pajamas," replied that she always expected that he would have something of that kind if he did not stop drinking.

—An immense bed of anthracite coal has been discovered near Wilkesbarre. It is said that the veins are of great thickness and assures a plentiful supply of coal for the next 200 years. At the present price of coal the new findings are quoted as being worth $1,000,000,000.

—A man in Pana, Ill., hugged a school teacher so hard that her right shoulder was broken. Now she is suing for $2,500 damages. This goes to show that moderation should be practiced even in hugging. Smethport young men should paste this item where they will be sure and see it next institute week.

—For the past few weeks a Salvation Army, composed of Lieutenant Starrs, Captains Whiting, Gore, Graham and Stiles, have been conducting revival meetings at Oswayo and to the present time have converted to their ranks about one hundred persons. The meetings will be continued during the present week.—Potter Journal.

—C. E. Lewis, who for some time has been employed on the Daily Record as a linotype operator, has resigned his position and will remove to Montana, where he has accepted a similar position. Mr. Lewis was an expert craftsman and was noted as one of the most proficient operators in the country. His place will be filled by A. M. Thamm of Olean. Mr. Thamm was formerly foreman of the Redfield printing plant at Smethport and is a clever young man in his line of work.—Bradford News.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership between Robert King and W. S. Palmer of Smethport, Pa., under the firm name of "Smethport Plumbing Company" was dissolved on the 6th day of March, A. D. 1903, so far as relates to the said Robert King. All debts due the said partnership are to be paid and those due from the same discharged, at Smethport, Pa., where the business will be continued by the said W. S. Palmer under the name of Smethport Plumbing Company.

ROBERT KING,
W. S. PALMER.

Buy the Union Lock poultry fencing at Redfield's. The best for chicks and the easiest put up.

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY.

The Misses Mary, Ora and Frances Campbell of Smethport and their guest, Miss Nora Barry of Bradford, called on Valley friends between trains last week one day.

Misses Blanche Hartnett and Anna Barry of Coleville were seen on our streets last Saturday. They were en route for Lock Haven Normal school.

There will be a dance in Tyler's hall, April 24th. Good order and good music in attendance. Everybody invited.

Mrs. Francis and son, Richard, formerly of Rixford, were seen on our streets one day last week.

Mrs. Samuel Smith of Port Allegany has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. C. C. Decker.

George Irons of Smethport is being seen in our vicinity. He is employed here for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams and two children of Coryville passed through our town Sunday.

Walter Hovey came down from Rew City last week Wednesday and visited friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lewis have been entertaining the former's sister for a few weeks.

Everal Spencer visited his brother, [illegible] and family at Mt. Jewett last week.

Miss Lennie Dickerson of Port Allegany spent Easter Sunday with relatives here.

[illegible] last.

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] spent Sunday [illegible] Mrs. [illegible]

Mrs. J. J. Lenhart of Rock Run was visiting Mrs. D. W. Derby last Friday.

A few of our townspeople attended the dance at Turtle Point Monday evening.

Mrs. Frisbee of Coryville was calling on friends in this vicinity last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Provin were visiting East Valley friends recently.

D. W. Derby was transacting business in Olean Saturday.

Presence of Mind.

A gentleman on a visit to an asylum was walking in the grounds when a man came up to him and entered into conversation.

After walking about for some time discussing topics suggested by the place, the two set out on a tour of inspection, the man apparently anxious [illegible] the visitor to go over the asylum.

[illegible]

[illegible] the two began their jump from the earth as steady [illegible] the roof.

Why the Stomach Lasts.

An old question which has long puzzled physiologists is, Why does not the stomach digest itself? The walls of the stomach are in substance not unlike the food which they contain and which is digested by the peptic fluid. The stomach is able to digest proteid food when introduced into it, yet it does not digest itself.

The reason for this has been shown by Weinland. Weinland found that a substance can be extracted from the cells of the stomach which, when added to proteid material, will not allow it to be acted upon by the pepsin of the stomach. This substance belongs to the class of so called antiferments—that is, a group of bodies which by their presence inhibit fermentative actions. The presence of this antiferment in the cells of the stomach prevents them from digesting themselves.

After death, when this substance decomposes, the stomach will digest itself.

Tea Smoking.

It has been recorded on good authority that one of the early uses made of dried tea leaves was to smoke them after the manner of tobacco.

On the first introduction of tea into Europe, in the seventeenth century, pipes, especially in France, were frequently filled with tea, at least among the wealthier classes of society, to whom on account of its high price it was alone accessible, and the fumes of the leaf were thus enjoyed, like tobacco, without prejudice to the use ordinarily made of it as a beverage.

Blegny, a French physician of the time, in a work published in 1687 and quoted in Le Grand d'Aussy's "Histoire de la Vie Privee des Francais," has a reference to this practice of smoking tea, which was then, as he affirms, a frequent and popular fashion.

Didn't Worry the Waiter.

Henry Ward Beecher was amused when he went into a Bowery restaurant on one occasion and heard the waiter give such orders to the cook as "Ham and ——," "Sinkers and cow," etc. "Watch me feaze that waiter with an order which, I believe, he won't abbreviate," remarked Dr. Beecher at length as the waiter approached. Then he said, "Give us poached eggs on toast for two, with the yolks broken." But the waiter, who was equal to the emergency, walked to the end of the room and yelled: "Adam and Eve on a raft! Wreck 'em!" It is related that Dr. Beecher nearly fainted.

In the course of a century an acre of constantly cultivated land loses no less than 12,000 pounds of alkalis.

"I have no more nervous headaches and rest very well at night."

When a woman suffers from female weakness and irregularity or other forms of womanly disease, the effect is certain to be marked in her nervous system, the general effect being, as in Mrs. Woodin's case, "nervous headaches, restlessness at night" and a run-down condition. It is simply common sense then which says if you cure the female weakness, irregularity, etc., you will cure the nervousness, sleeplessness and other consequences of womanly disease.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the womanly diseases which undermine the general health. It establishes regularity, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It cures headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, etc., by curing the womanly diseases which cause these ailments.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I feel more than grateful to you for the benefit I have received from Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery," writes Mrs. Lynn E. Woodin of Millerton, Dutchess Co., N. Y., care of Box No. [illegible] "For a number of years I had been troubled with female weakness, nervous headache, irregularity, restlessness at night and, in fact was all run down, but after taking three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' feel that I am entirely cured. I have no more nervous headaches, and rest very well at night; in fact, feel like a different person, thanks to your kind advice and wonderful medicine. I earnestly advise all who suffer from any similar troubles to write to Dr. Pierce at once. They will not regret it."

"Favorite Prescription" has the testimony of thousands of women to its complete cure of womanly diseases. Do not accept an unknown and unproved substitute in its place.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

If you want

Distinctive

Easter Wear

look here

We have all that is new and correct in Men's attire, a magnificent showing that is worth looking over by any well dressed man.

Suits and Top Coats.

$7.50, $10 and $12.50.

[illegible]

[illegible] HAVE THE PRICES

Boys' and Children's

Stylish Spring Clothing.

[illegible]

Wm. Monheimer.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right. We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

You Take No Chances.

[illegible] we handle represent the [illegible] in each particular line. We make a bold [illegible] quality.

Every manufacturer whose goods we handle can be relied upon. Each is the representative producer in his line. We have searched the country over and handle nothing but what we know will be perfectly satisfactory.

Every article we handle is sold under the "broad" guarantee that it will be strictly all right.

You can buy all your supplies from us and you can depend upon everything you buy. You take no chances with anything. No matter whether it is a pump washer or an enameled and gold bath tub you can be sure that you are getting the best washer and the best tub that can be procured for the money.

We make a specialty of

HOT WATER AND STEAM HEATING

Estimates furnished [illegible] plumbing work.

Smethport Plumbing Co.

Make Your Selection From These Brands:

WHISKIES	WINES
Hunter Wilson Guckenheimer	White Seal White Top
Tom Moore Seymour Club	Great Western
Meadville Rye	Imported Sherry Imported Port
Rose Club Private Stock	Tokay Catawba Rhine
Gibson and 15 others.	St. Julian and many others.

Cognac Brandies, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Jamaica Rum and nearly every popular brand of wine or liquor to be found in the country at very rsasonable prices. Call and look over my stock.

A. J. Warshofsky,

Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS: $1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 9, 1903.

Republican Primaries.

The primaries of the Republican party of McKean county are hereby called to be held in the several election districts of the county at their respective voting places on Saturday, the 25th day of April, 1903, at the usual hours, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices, to-wit:

One person for the office of Judge of the 48th judicial district of Pennsylvania.

One person for the office of jury commissioner.

Also for the purpose of electing one person as member of the County Republican committee from each election district.

Also for the purpose of electing three persons as delegates to the State Republican convention, which is to be held in the city of Harrisburg on Wednesday, the 27th day of May, 1903, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices, to-wit: One person for the office of State Treasurer, one person for the office of Auditor General, two persons for the office of Judge of the Superior Court.

Also the Republican County Committee is hereby called to meet in convention at the court house in Smethport on Tuesday, the 28th day of April, 1903, at [illegible] for the purpose of [illegible] the returns of said primaries and to transact such other business as may properly come before said convention.

By order of the Republican County Committee.
MYRON MASON, Chairman.
M. L. WILLIS, Secretary.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

EDITOR MINER: I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 48th Judicial District of Pennsylvania.
JOSEPH W. BOUTON.
Smethport, Pa., March 17, 1903.

STATE DELEGATES.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce me as a candidate for delegate to the State convention, subject to the Republican primaries on April 25.
O. P. SCHONBLOM.
Bradford, Pa., March 9, 1903.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce me as a candidate for delegate to the Republican State convention, subject to the Republican primaries on April 25.
THOMAS C. RICHMOND.
Smethport, Pa., March 9, 1903.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce the undersigned as a candidate for delegate to the Republican State convention subject to the primaries on April 25.
CHARLES F. GOODWIN.
Kane, Pa., March 9, 1903.

JURY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
WALTER OSTRANDER.
Liberty Township, Pa., March 7, 1903.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
JOHN HAYNER.
Clermont, Pa., March 15, 1903.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner subject to the usages of the Republican party.
LEON CURTIS.
Keating Twp., Pa., March 19, 1903.

THE interest in the coming international yacht race is shown by the fact that several attempts have already been made to destroy the "Reliance." Fortunately all were frustrated in time to prevent any damage.

THE fact that the telephone wires with which the President was to be kept in communication with the outside world while in the Yellowstone Park are down indicates that Dewey must be contemplating an advance on somebody's fleet and does not want restraining orders.—Buffalo Express.

COL. "BILL" ROOT, famous throughout the United States as a catcher of wild animals, died at Salt Lake City, Utah, Saturday night. He was a great friend of Buffalo Bill and when publisher of the Laramie Boomerang took Bill Nye in partnership with him. This was the beginning of the great humorist's fame as a writer.

"FOR deeds that are dark and tricks that are vain" some Pennsylvania legislators are peculiar. The Grady-Salus libel bill, the object of which is to muzzle the press of this glorious Commonwealth, that heelers, blackmailers and political second-story men can carry out any job which will not stand the light without fear of the newspapers, is a forceful example of this peculiarity. The bill was read in the House for the first time on Friday, yet within an hour and a half it had been passed finally. Just where the orders came from to railroad it through the House is difficult to say as reports are conflicting, but nevertheless 126 legislators stood up and voted for it like little men, with the accent on the little. It is now in the hands of the governor for signature. Gov. Pennypacker has notified all persons interested in the bill to be present at a hearing April 21 at 10 a. m. A carefully selected committee of newspaper men will be on hand to protest against this audacious curtailment of the liberty of speech as represented by the press of Pennsylvania. The bill is so loosely drawn that there is great doubt of its ever receiving the sanction of the Supreme Court should the governor see fit to make it a law by his signature. The bill reads that it shall apply to "any newspaper published in this Commonwealth whether the same be published monthly, bi-weekly, semi-weekly or daily." It is alleged that the omission of the word "weekly" is an attempt to bunco country editors into thinking that they are getting the best of the deal over city competitors, but the bill applies to them just the same.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, April 13, 1903.

There is the utmost gratification in Republican circles in Washington over the Northern Securities Company decision which is regarded as not only a great victory for the Attorney General, but as proving indubitably that the President and his cabinet are correct in the proposition that combinations of capital, effected either for the restraint of trade or having it within their power to prevent competition, can be reached and controlled through the courts rather than by any reduction of the tariff which would inevitably operate to the advantage of the trusts by removing all domestic competition, that is by destroying the smaller concerns in the same classes of industry. The haste with which this decision was reached was due to the so-called "hurry up" law, which was drafted by Attorney General Knox and enacted by Congress at the request of the Attorney General and the President. Moreover, as a result of this law it is expected that the Supreme Court will give precedence to the case at the beginning of its fall term, next October, and that a decision will be reached early in the fall. That the Supreme Court will confirm the decision of the lower court is regarded as a foregone conclusion in view of the fact that the four judges who tried the case in the Circuit Court of Appeals were unanimous in their opinion.

Coming immediately after the announced purpose of the Administration to "stand pat" on the tariff schedules, at least until after election, the Northern Securities decision is regarded as particularly timely and it is predicted by those statesmen in Washington who are in touch with the Iowa situation that this sounds the death knell of the "Iowa idea." The Iowa situation has been the occasion of no little anxiety recently to the President and his advisers. Governor Cummins' hearty espousal of the Iowa idea, the immediate revision of the tariff, has, it has been feared, threatened a rupture in the party in that stronghold of Republicanism and the approaching convention, which will be called for the last of July or the first of August, was looked forward to with apprehension. Governor Cummins' control of the state was appreciated and it was not known whether he would insist on a tariff revision plank in the state platform. Now that the correctness of the President's position regarding the trusts has been demonstrated it is believed that the Governor, who is a staunch Republican, and a protectionist as well, will appreciate that the time has not arrived when a revision of the tariff is necessary and will seek to avoid rather than to precipitate questions which might occasion a collision of divergent factions in the convention.

The news of the recent disaster on the battleship Iowa has been received at the Navy Department with great concern and it is regarded as probable that the Secretary of the Navy will, on his return to Washington, order a court of inquiry to investigate the causes. There are grave reflections to be heard in inner circles with regard to the ammunition in use by the navy and it is possible that this subject will receive particular attention. There have been too many accidents on naval vessels in the past year and officers high in the service are convinced that there is some underlying cause which requires a prompt and drastic remedy.

The Postoffice investigations still continue although it is, in view of the reticence of the officials, difficult to obtain the results. The Postmaster General is still out of the city and his subordinates say they have positive orders not to talk. It is known, however, that people all over the country are taking advantage of the investigations now going on to present evidence which they have evidently [illegible] would in the past have been unheeded. The latest communication received is anonymous but it is so nearly in line with what has been suspected that it has received more attention than is ordinarily accorded an anonymous communication. It states that there has for some time existed a ring to which it was necessary for employes to pay tribute in order to secure promotion. While this ring is said to have been operated all over the country, it was in the New York office that it was particularly active and the name of a New York employe, claimed to have represented the conspirators, is furnished. This employe is now being investigated but his name is not likely to appear in the public prints until more definite information has been secured because editors fear laying themselves open to libel suits.

The Secretary of Agriculture, who has long been recognized as the leading exponent of the theory of teaching the elementary principles of agriculture in the primary schools, particularly those in the rural districts, has organized a class from the District of Columbia Normal School and has placed at its disposal a small green house for the purpose of experimentation. The class now numbers nearly one hundred young men and women and Secretary Wilson often finds time, notwithstanding his active labors, to go out himself and lecture to the class. This is only a small beginning but it is what the Secretary hopes to see established in every normal school in the country in the not distant future.

Some remarkable figures concerning the trade of the United States and Canada have just been compiled by the Bureau of Statistics, remarkable chiefly because they demonstrate the extraordinary popularity of American goods in that country. During the seven months ending with the first of the year the United States exported to Canada goods to the amount of $67,000,000 as against $33,000,000 worth imported from the United Kingdom and $31,000,000 imported from all other countries, and this notwithstanding the fact that the United Kingdom enjoys a tariff differential of 33⅓ per cent over the United States. In the opinion of a prominent Treasury official this country will soon control the Canadian trade whether a reciprocity treaty is effected or not.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

STYLISHLY FASHIONED SUITS, JACKETS AND SKIRTS.

Our ready to wear department plays a very important part in this store's business. We make it a point to give more merit and style for the money than can be bought elsewhere.

NEW JACKETS.

In tan covert cloth, in tight fitting, Monte Carlo & Blouse effects lined throughout with silk.

$8.00 $7.50 $10.00 $13.00

Women's Taylor Made Suits.

Blouse suits with shoulder capes trimmed with fancy braids, etc. Jackets silk lined made of all wool cheviots, venitians, basket weaves, etamines, broadcloths, etc.

Matchless values at $10.00, $15.00, $30.00 and up to $50.00.

NEW SPRING CARPETS.

Why not select your carpets from the largest and best assorted Carpet stock in Southwestern New York. We guarantee that Carpets bought of us give satisfactory wear. We make and deliver ALL carpets above 50c free of charge.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

NOVELTIES

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL

MANY NEW GOODS IN ALL LINES.

Would especially call attention to the large assortment of beautiful

NECKWEAR & BELTS,

the LATEST and CORRECT styles for spring and summer. Also a good line of fine hosiery and undervests. A look at my goods will convince you that they are the latest.

Mrs. M. L. Bisett.

Grocery Prices:

Pure Strained Honey, 12 oz. cans, 25c.

Use Gold Cross Coffee, 25c lb., and get a nice line of premiums free. Ask us for catalogue.

Onion sets 8c and 10c qt.

We have two lots of can peas which we will close out at 5c can.

One lot of can peaches at 10c can.

One lot of can Bartlett pears, 12c can.

One lot of Black Raspberries 15c can.

Few more of those 25c corsets left. Ask for your size.

Heavy Dress Goods at 33⅓ off of regular prices.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Fancy Prices Trampled Underfoot.

at our store. No matter how tempted we never allow profits to exceed what is reasonable. That is why our

FOOTWEAR

is sold at such remarkably low prices. Our standard of value is regulated by ourselves. It is the highest in this town. We sell

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes

at prices which cannot be duplicated.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

A Cup Of Tea

is considered by women as the popular beverage for an entertainment. This being true you should have

The Best Tea

obtainable. Our Teas are delightfully fresh and fragrant, carefully picked from the choicest plants and basket and basket dried. Try them.

We give Rogers 1847 silverware with

Silver Shield Coffee

Come in and we will explain how it is done.

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.

Shattered Health

can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

is the most complete in the city. May be necessary for the physician to decide what the medicine shall be. We can fill his

Prescriptions

by compounding accurately the purest and freshest drugs. What cannot be found in our line of Proprietary Articles cannot be considered the best. We carry all that are good.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

RIGHT

Is the word that describes our New Clothing.

We would like to furnish your Easter Outfit—may we? There is Easter elegance all over our store. Come in and see the New Spring Ideas and you will make your selection here. We are sure

The Suit

you may choose from the many different styles and patterns. The prettiest you ever saw.

The Top Coat

you may choose from the best the trade knows anything about. Every new cut and fabric is here.

The Hat

We will show you hats of the very latest shapes and blocks. You are bound to be suited.

The Scarf

For your selection of a tie we will show you the prettiest and daintiest spring styles in town.

The Gloves

All the new colorings in spring weight. Come see.

The Terhune Union Made Shoes in latest shapes in Oxfords and high cuts. $3.50, $4.00, $5.00.

H. W. RUBIN.

New Spring Goods

Just received at store of D. C. YOUNG.

Nice assortment of the celebrated Waldorf shirt waists. Every waist guaranteed to fit. Also nice line of Wrappers at only $1 each. Fine lot of ginghams, dimities, challies, chambrays, and other wash goods. Call and examine same.

Prices reduced on many lines of goods.

Full line of R. & G. Corsets. Best corset made for the money. Every corset guaranteed.

Following prices will hold good till change in advertisement:

All Prints and Summer Challies at 5c per yd.
All apron ginghams at 5c per yd. Many of these are pretty checks for children's dresses.

In groceries we will sell:

Banner Oats, 5 lb. pkg., 22c.
Crushed Wheat, Quaker Oats, Shredded Biscuit, etc., 13c pkg.
Rolled Oats in bulk at 3c per lb.
Arm & Hammer brand soda, 6c lb.
Oak Leaf Soap, 4c cake, 7 cakes for 25c.
And all other goods in proportion.

I do not give trading stamps, if I did could not sell at these prices.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., March 31, 1903.

New Spring AND Summer Patterns

We wish to call your attention to our new line of Patterns for Spring and Summer

SUITS, OVERCOATS and TROUSERS.

Nearly all are one pattern pieces and our variety this year is larger than ever before. The fit style and workmanship are absolutely guaranteed. CALL AND SEE THEM.

Shillenn & Torrence.
The Leading Tailors
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

New Spring Hats Are Here.

Every kind you can think of. The newest and swellest styles at lowest prices. We have also the Celebrated Dunlap Hat now open. Do not forget this is the leading Hat in the United States and the best Hat in the world. Nobby Spring Neckwear, Shirts and Hosiery in endless variety.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

DON'T DO A THING ABOUT FURNITURE OR CARPETS UNTIL YOU "See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

Carpets made free | F. G. Lindholm & Co. | Lace Curtains

Smart Shoes For Easter Wear.

Our new display of Spring Footwear is very complete. Every correct style is here for your inspection.

Our Specials Are:

Queen Quality—The famous Shoe for Men.
The "Packard" Shoe for Women.
The "Maloney" Shoe for Children.
The "Fox" Shoe for Infants.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOWS.

We handle exclusively the Munnsville Plows. For flat hand work we highly recommend the celebrated Oneida Valley Clipper No. 1. The Munnsville No. 14 for a side hill plow is the best, although we sell a great many of that old reliable, The Rough & Ready. These plows have been sold in this town for a number of years and have many friends all over the county who know what they are and will tell you for quality and work they have no equal. We have yet to hear of a dissatisfied user of a Munnsville Plow. Call and see them at

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 16, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Attend the Catholic fair.

—"Are You a Mason?" at the Lyceum April 29.

—The trout fishing season opened yesterday.

—J. C. Hamlin has some very low prices quoted in his ad to-day.

—Attend the snappers' benefit dance at the hose house next Monday night.

—Mrs. Harriet Gifford, a well known resident of Gifford Hollow, is seriously ill.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett tells you of her large stock of novelties in her ad this week.

—"Trodden Down" is the next attraction at the Lyceum theatre, Friday, April 24.

—Mrs. Carrie Clark has a change of ad this week in regard to seasonable millinery.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have something to say about clothes wringers in their ad this week.

—H. C. Wells has a new ad to-day in regard to new pictures and books. Don't fail to read it.

—Kane has landed the new industry which it has been hustling for some time—the enameling plant.

—The big tannery at Salamanca has been shut down temporarily on account of the scarcity of raw material.

—Jarvis Nelson, who has been employed at Smethport, has returned to this place.—Wellsboro Advocate.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford has had three students from Smethport and all have secured good positions.

—The Tuna glass works at Bradford suffered an accident to its tank the first of the week and has closed for the season.

—The Era complains that Bradford's new paid fire department contains too few firemen to cope with serious conflagrations.

—The baseball season is on. The teams comprising the National league started on their race for the pennant yesterday.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The choir expects to sing Bennett's "Easter Hymn," a festal sacred cantata at the evening service.

—One of the most artistic centennial editions that could be imagined is that of the Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin, which reached us yesterday. The publishers of that paper are to be congratulated on their enterprise.

Drilling commenced the first of the week on Robt. Hilton's new well on the Card farm. It is hoped that another big gasser will be the result.

—Many "glad rags" bought for Easter did not see the light last Sunday owing to the disagreeable weather. However, a few stunning toilets were observed.

—The Boyd glass factory at Mt. Jewett will run until June 30. This is the only window glass factory in this section which will not close next Saturday.

—William Irvine, a well known printer and vocalist of Bradford, who has been suffering with tuberculosis of the hip for several months will leave shortly for the Printers' Home at Colorado Springs, Col.

—"Do men die before their time?" is the subject of Mr. Dennis' sermon next Sunday evening at the Methodist church.—Wellsboro Advocate. They certainly do in Smethport and vicinity if you believe all the reports you hear.

—Messrs. Allen and Earle, who will produce the drama, "Trodden Down," with the assistance of home talent for the benefit of Smethport Hose Co., April 24, will give a similar entertainment in Austin to-night for the benefit of the Catholic church.

—Invitations are out for the wedding of Mr. Willett Sheridan Palmer and Miss Orra Hamlin King, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert King. The ceremony will be performed in St. Luke's church at six o'clock Tuesday evening, April the twenty-first.

—Well, Reginald C. Vanderbilt and Miss Cathleen G. Neilson, both of New York, were successfully married at Newport Tuesday. It will be a relief to the nation to know that "Reggy" stood up like a dear little man and did not faint once during the ceremony.

—Yesterday morning Mrs. Catherine Olson received a draft for $3,000 in payment of the policy held by her late husband, Burt Olson, in the K. O. T. M. Mr. Olson died a little over four months ago and the promptness of the order in settling the policy in full is commendable.

—St. Gabriel's parish at Port Allegany is holding a bazaar and carnival this week. A copy of the Evening Bazaar, which is issued from the press of the Port Allegany Reporter each evening of the fair, reached us yesterday. It is a bright little sheet and among other good things contained an editorial upon the evils of the Grady-Salus libel bill.

—John Gibbs has resigned his position as turnkey of the county jail and on Monday Mr. Gibbs departed for his home in Ludlow. J. H. Biever, the former turnkey, has been appointed to fill the vacancy and resumed his duties on Monday. Both have been good and faithful servants and while we regret to lose Mr. Gibbs we welcome Mr. Biever back to his old position.

—Because one of the jurors in the Ethel Dingle murder case on trial in Rochester, N. Y., is alleged to have said, "He's as guilty as a dog," meaning the defendant, Kent, the entire jury has been discharged and a new one will be summoned. The new trial will start next Monday.

—Miss Ione Lois Butterworth, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Butterworth, and Mr. B. W. Fowler were united in marriage by Rev. Van Kuren at Coudersport on Tuesday of last week. The bride is a beautiful young lady who has a number of friends in Smethport. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler will probably reside at Carbondale, Pa.

—Instead of purchasing a $600 organ (as was at first contemplated) with money donated by Andrew Carnegie of Pittsburg and Henry Hamlin of Smethport, the members of the Episcopal church have decided to wait until they are prepared to add $900 to the amount of the fund and purchase a pipe organ.—Potter Enterprise.

—Gyp, the little black dog belonging to Bert Kidder, ate a piece of poisoned meat thrown down by some miscreant last Thursday and died soon after. Gyp was a well trained little animal and Mr. Kidder keenly regrets his loss. It is the sincere hope of every person who likes a dog that the cowardly poisoners will soon be brought to justice.

—Miss Eva Fleming of Mt. Alton has accepted a position as teacher of the 5th grade of the Smethport schools in place of Miss Ida Rubin, who resigned. Miss Rice, the successful teacher of the 2nd grade, was called to her home near Rochester, N. Y., by the serious illness of her father. Mrs. L. K. Hogarth has been appointed to fill this vacancy.

—Chas. E. Craven, in the Kane Republican, strongly opposes compulsory vaccination and cites some opinions of prominent men in the medical profession in support of his belief. However, we are of the opinion that statistics are against Mr. Craven's theory and the more sensible readers will continue to abide by the law and have their families vaccinated.

—The Potter Enterprise is heartily in favor of the McKean Potter baseball league as proposed by the Eldred Eagle. The proposed league would comprise the following towns: Smethport, Eldred, Coudersport, Port Allegany and Shingle House. Austin would be another good town and make three teams for each county. The idea is a good one and it is now up to the amusement loving public to take the matter in hand. A meeting of the representatives of the various towns should be called at once.

—One of E. W. Jones' big dray wagons was upset yesterday morning in the alley back of Wells' drug store. The wagon was heavily loaded with boxes and barrels, which in some way shifted forward and caused the accident. The driver was thrown from his seat under the horses' feet and had to be assisted from his perilous position. Part of the load fell upon the horses and the situation looked bad for a few minutes. However, the driver and horses escaped without injury and but slight damage resulted.

A Penny Brings Dollars.

In these modern times the mere outlay of a penny for the purpose of making a postal card inquiry is very often the means of securing good paying positions for people. Some people who are engaged in business and some having steady employment at trades, add a few hundred dollars to their regular income each year by doing a little work during the spare moments of the day or evening, or on rainy days or in vacation season. The extra dollar earned in this way will buy as much bread and clothing as the regular dollar earned in the store, the office or at the bench.

The Protective Life Association of Rochester, N. Y., wants a representative in this vicinity to introduce its several kinds of policies, in all of which the benefits named are in effect immediately upon delivery and someone will find it especially to their advantage to take hold of this work as, in addition to the regular line of policies, a new and popular "People's" policy is now written by which persons of limited means can procure protection in sums as low as $100 at rates within the reach of all. If the services of someone who will devote his or her entire time to the business cannot be secured the position will be given to someone who will devote a portion of the time in connection with their other business. Merchants, mechanics, students, ladies or gentlemen are eligible to take charge of a portion of the territory.

Satisfy yourself that this offer is all right and make inquiries regarding it of Geo. A. Oliver, Asst. Sec'y., Box 409, Rochester, N. Y.

Crel Oil is worth its weight in gold. Kills roaches, moths and bugs, mosquitoes and other vermin. Drives away rats and kills all disease germs. You cannot be without it. For sale by Holmes & Gilfillan.

I will be at the Grand Central Hotel next week with a complete line of samples for shirts and ladies' shirt waists.
A. J. MARTIN.

Profitable Farming.

How attained? Good Land, well located, well stocked, well tilled ordinarily brings success. But the Tilling is the important thing to look to. Plow good with Good Plows that turn the furrow just right for the tools that follow after. "LeRoy Plows" are the up to Date Plows that are "Easy for man and beast" and do all that plows can be made to do, that are built by men who know how good plows should be built. Plows and Extras always on hand at A. T. Palmer's, Smethport, Pa.

Gaskin & Grant.

NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell Phone

PERSONAL MENTION

Thos. Clark visited Austin last week.

S. F. Redfield visited in Warren this week.

W. S. Palmer visited Bolivar the first of the week.

T. H. Morrison spent Easter Sunday with Bradford friends.

Waldo Sasse passed a few days with Kane friends this week.

Rev. J. H. McCandless departed Tuesday for a visit in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Backus of Olean are visiting in town this week.

Rev. P. Cosgrove was a guest of Rev. Becker in Port Allegany last week.

Murl E. Backus was the guest of friends in Bolivar, N. Y., over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bahan of Colegrove, were guests of friends in town Friday last.

Victor Bonton, a student at the Carlisle law school, passed Easter Sunday at his home in Smethport.

Mrs. D. L. Forsythe returned Tuesday from a six weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Howell, Mich.

Paul Green, who is learning to be a machinist at Salamanca, N. Y., passed his Easter vacation with his parents in this place.

Miss Edith Carson, who has been the guest of friends in Smethport the past week, returned home Wednesday night.—Austin Republican.

Mrs. Thomas Camp has returned from New York City, where she has been staying with her daughter, Miss Mabel, who is studying music there.

Miss Mary Gaynor of Clermont, who is attending Westbrook's Business College at Olean, was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Margaret Reilly, over Easter.

Frank Vickery is visiting friends in Smethport and vicinity. Mr. Vickery has been a resident of Glendora, Cal., for the past several years and contemplates returning to that place next September.

Raymond Day of Smethport was in town Monday soliciting aid from the snappers for Tommy Gilmore, who lost a leg in an accident near Perry, N. Y., the funds to be used to procure an artificial limb.—Mt. Jewett News.

John Swan, who has been employed in the jewelry stores of Mrs. E. G. Carter and M. L. Armstrong for several years past, returned to his home in Franklinville last Friday. Mr. Swan is a first class workman and of a genial personality, which made him many friends here who regret his departure.

A Memorial Tablet.

At St. Luke's church, after the service on Easter Even, a mural tablet was unveiled as a memorial to Dr. Wm. Y. McCoy and his wife, Charlotte Augusta McCoy. The inscription reads:

In Loving Memory of
William Y. McCoy, M. D.
Obit January 5, 1886
Senior Warden of this Church
1880-1886.
and of
Charlotte Augusta McCoy,
Obit May 22, 1897
May They Rest in Peace.

The tablet is of bronze on a background of oak and is bordered with a vine of passion flowers and leaves. The work is perfect of its kind, the lettering being in Old English style with illuminated initials. The tablet was made by Cox Sons Buckley Co. of New York.

The Strich & Zeidler piano, sold by Mrs. Charnock, is a strictly artistic grade and all musicians of Smethport are invited to inspect same. Style H can be seen at the Lyceum. Cheaper grades of pianos also furnished.

House and lot for sale or rent. I also wish to dispose of my household goods. Mrs. Anna M. Fuller, 306 Green St.

Redfield carries a complete line of baseball goods. Baseballs from 5c up. Catchers' mitts for boys at 25c.

We are the headquarters for fishing tackle. Come and see our lines.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

We Want a BRIGHT BOY to work after School Hours

Any boy who reads this advertisement can start in business on his own account selling *The Saturday Evening Post*

No money required. He can begin next week. Many boys make over $5 a week. Some are making $15.

THE work can be done after school hours and on Saturdays. Write to us at once and we will send full instructions and 10 copies of the magazine free. These are sold at 5 cents a copy and provide the necessary money to order the next week's supply at the wholesale price. $225.00 in cash prizes next month.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
485 Arch Street, Philadelphia

MONARCH SHIRTS BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Easter Novelties.

Some especially pretty style fancies will make their initial appearance at our store this week.

We have not spared work or expense in our efforts to make Easter shopping particularly delightful this year.

Original designers have been remarkably active this season and the results in variety and beautiful are wonderful.

Things you will enjoy looking over.

LADIES' FURNISHINGS.

Chiffon Boas, Neckwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Waists, Skirts, Lace Collars, Ribbons, Belts, Shirt Waist Sets, Silks and Dress Goods, etc.

MEN'S OUTFITTINGS.

Shirts, Collars, Neckwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, etc.

We give Yellow Trading Stamps.

The premiums are valuable. If you have not started a book commence now and get twenty-five stamps free.

FRY & HERZOG.

SHINGLES.

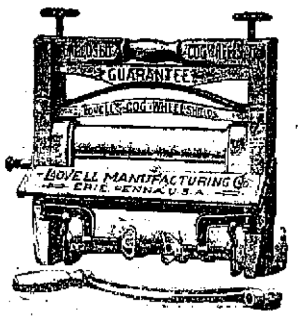
SHINGLES.

SHINGLES.

Three Kinds.

Also building material and lumber of every description.

J. C. Hamlin.



CELEBRATED ANCHOR BRAND WRINGERS.

Enclosed Cog Wheel. No grease or dirt from the bearings can come in contact with the rubber or Clothes. Children cannot get their fingers caught in the cogs.

We also handle the genuine Boss Rotary Washing Machine. Beware of imitations.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

Lumber and Hardware

Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

Brasted's ICE CREAM By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

BUNKOED JACOB

By G. W. Ogden

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No one knew how it happened that John Prune lodged on Shem Zook's place when he wandered into the neighborhood. Prune had been there so long people had ceased talking about his peculiarities and the strange agreement he had entered into with his employer. The marriage of Maggie revived countryside gossip. Some pitied Prune, holding him to be a simple [illegible] old chap, and others said it was wicked of Shem to lead him on by false promises as he had done. But when the whole story came out everybody laughed, Zook excepted.

In the first place there had been a sort of Jacob and Laban understanding between Prune and Zook in regard to Milly Ann. When Prune, middle aged, short, [illegible] dusty and wearing a uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic, [illegible] one day [illegible] work [illegible] Prune [illegible] wages [illegible] board and [illegible] tobacco.

[illegible]

"Yes," Zook [illegible] "I [illegible] round [illegible] as you [illegible] An' [illegible] a good forty acres with each one of my gals. Milly Ann is the west

SHE PLACED HER HAND ON HIS SHOULDER.

forty, which I sh'd judge about fifteen hun'rd dollars, countin' in improvements. How long 'ud it take you to save up that much, John?"

John was lost in calculation. Six bits a month, twelve months in a year, tobacker out and—

"Gee whiz! Give it up," he said.

Zook looked serious. "I said forty to each gal," he resumed, "but sh'd 'a' said eighty. An' sister Zerilda she owns the hun'rd'n sixty j'inin' on the south, where we got the wheat an' alfalfy. She hain't got no heirs 'cept my four gals. That's forty more apiece. Milly Ann she's young yit. Won't be fit to marry 'fore three years. If you want to keep on like you have been a-doin', she's yourn with her eighty 'end of that time. Wha' d'ye say?"

John was a man of few words. He considered it foolish to waste energy in talking that might be so much more profitably expended in hoeing potatoes. So in answer to Zook's proposition he climbed up to the barn loft, divested himself of his traveling suit, put his overalls on and went out to plow corn on the forty he hoped to acquire with the hand of Milly Ann.

As he followed the long rows he began to think of himself as a moneyed man. He also speculated on the chance of Zerilda moving along to another world before the expiration of three years. It did not look likely. Zerilda lived with her brother Shem and sat just across the table from Prune. She was a little bit dry and crabbed, but sound in wind and limb.

Two years stretched out across the fields where John Prune sowed and reaped. Milly Ann grew up, broad backed as one of the Hereford calves, low of brow and yellow of skin. Peter Kerober began to spruce up to her.

John Prune in the full right of having the prior claim objected to Zook. Zook laughed. "Hold yer hosses, John," he said. "We'll fool 'em one of these days."

But Peter drove over to the county seat with Milly Ann in his buckboard one day and married her. Zook prepared a great marriage feast and called in the neighbors. While it was in progress John Prune sat with his back against the corncrib and figured it out that he had lost. Zook found him there.

"They beat us, John," he said. "But don't you mind it, man. You go right on as you have been doin'. There's Maggie comin' on like a stalk o' corn, an' at the end o' your three years you can take her 'stid o' Milly Ann."

Hope lifted its head timidly in John Prune's heart. Maggie was comely and altogether more desirable than Milly Ann. As time drew out Prune concluded that he had gained in the transaction.

Zook let a contract to a city man for the building of a barn. The contractor spurred around Maggie with the city airs and quickly won her. Zook, well pleased at the addition of such an energetic and useful person to his family, provided a second infare supper.

John Prune lost his temper. He waited until nearly midnight on the kitchen porch with a singletree from the shadow of some morning glory vines, for Zook to come out; but Zook didn't come. The sound of revelry and Zook's big voice in laughter overflowed the house.

"They're a-laughin' at me," said Prune, and he bowed his head to the porch railing and sobbed. He was there when Zerilda went out to take a puff at her pipe. She placed her hand on his shoulder pattin' it soothingly and said, "Poor man, poor feller!"

Prune looked up.

"Wouldn't worry 'bout them there 'critters o' yourn," she continued. "They're a-pokin' fun at a heap o' men tomorrow an' the stranger person [illegible] and I did, once too."

[illegible]

Prune reached out in the shadow and grasped the singletree. Zerilda went on.

"Always did puzzle me why a sensible man like you wanted to be humbugged so by Shem. Forty acres an' a gal! Huh! I own the south hun'rd an' sixty, an' I'm as good as any gal Shem Zook ever raised 'r ever will raise!"

Next morning John Prune didn't bring the milk to the house. Zook went down to the barn to negotiate with him concerning Tilda Jane, chuckling over the prospect of at least four years more of cheap help. Prune was not there. Zook looked in the loft where he slept. The Grand Army suit was [illegible]

[illegible]

Ghosts With No Originality.

When [illegible] Although the behavior of ghosts may appear eccentric when judged by the standard of conduct prevailing among the living their habits are in fact most regular. They seem to possess little character or originality, and probably their ideas are very limited. Some of them walk along the passage or up the stairs; others knock on the walls or furniture, ring bells, slam doors or break crockery; now and then you come across one who shrieks, and there seem to be a few stray specimens who appear and disappear. But their faculties do not go beyond this. A very remarkable proof of their limitations or their slavish adherence to tradition is that, though I have before me at the present moment a dozen authenticated ghosts who have been heard walking upstairs, there seems to be no case on record in which a ghost has been heard walking down. Why anybody should think it worth while to chronicle the movements of such uninteresting creatures I cannot understand. An account of the day's doings of a flock of sheep would be very much more exciting.—London Truth.

Boar Hunting In Brittany.

Boar hunting in Brittany is full of exciting incidents, and the boar seldom dies unavenged, for, though they are beset by mounted hunters and peasantry on foot armed with guns, the lifeblood of many a hound is drawn before the savage old tusker yields up his life. His dangerous powers of offense cease only with his last gasp.

Though the grip of the bulldog, the yelping of the hounds, the din of horns and the cries of the beaters may force him from his lair to seek refuge in flight, that withdrawal may be set down rather to prudence and disgust than to fear. When at last he is brought to bay, with his back against a rock or a tree trunk, he is ready to defy a host.

Met in a narrow alley of the forest, neither man nor horse can withstand the avalanche of his onset. Not infrequently the hunter who loves his hounds will feel but little triumph even in the death of many boars if, having begun the season with a large pack, he ends it with a miserable remnant, having left all his best and bravest dogs on the field of battle.

A Truthful Sign.

Mr. Longear—By the way, did you ever know that large ears are a sign of generosity?

Miss Beauti—Of course, Mr. Longear. They are a sign that nature has been generous.—New York Weekly.

MAN'S IMPOTENCE.

It Is Made Strikingly Manifest When an Earthquake Comes.

A traveler gives this thrilling account of an earthquake in the far east:

"The one occasion I saw a panic was in Calcutta in June, 1897. It was a Saturday evening about 5 o'clock. It was punishingly hot, and I was one of a party of pajama clad men sitting on the roof of a high house having tea.

"We were in the midst of a merry chatter when the whole building began to tremble. We were instantly hushed and looking at one another with blank faces until a feeling of terror took possession of us, and somebody shouted, 'My God, an earthquake!'

"We stampeded. There were three flights of stairs to go down, and of course the fattest and slowest man was in front and blocked the way. The walls were cracking and yawning; the plaster was falling in chunks.

"We were all barefooted, but that didn't matter. In front of the house was the maidan, the great open space in Calcutta. We ran there. A great part of the adjoining house came down with a roar. The whole front of a newspaper office crashed into the street. The top of the cathedral spire came off and fell through the roof into the chancel.

"Horses were stricken with madness and were careering furiously beyond all control. The natives were shrieking. Europeans [illegible] shocked, tore from their houses, and many of the women [illegible]

"The thing I will never forget was what followed. There was the crunch of ripped walls, and the whole earth was heaving and trembling very much [illegible] that has [illegible] against a pier and [illegible] The [illegible]

[illegible] the boats [illegible] the heaving [illegible] but staring into each other's white [illegible] waiting for the earth to yawn. That was the terrible thing—crowds of folk reduced to mute horror, helpless, just standing with big, wide open affrighted eyes, and the brain cramped in contemplation of what might happen next moment.—Exchange.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

The peach blossoms before the leaves appear.

The apple, pear and cherry put out their leaves before blossoming.

It takes a year or two for raspberries to reach their best bearing condition.

Plants wanted especially for flowers should never be allowed to produce seed. To prevent this [illegible] flowers as soon as they wither.

[illegible]

The [illegible] grows in the [illegible] to a height of from 50 to 60 feet and a diameter of a little over 2 feet. It is considered superior to mahogany and is almost indestructible except by fire.

Vegetable Acids.

The antiscorbutic properties of certain vegetables and fruits are in some cases of fully equal value to their nutritive qualities, and the amount of potash salts and mild vegetable salts thus contributed to the blood is well understood by physicians. The rhubarb stalk is noted in this respect for the malic acid and binoxalate of potash which it contains. The acidity of the lemon, orange and other species of the genus citrus is caused by the abundance of citric acid in their juices; that of the cherry, plum, peach, pear and apple from the malic acid in their pulp; that of gooseberries and currants—red, black and white—from a mixture of malic and citric acids; that of grapes from a mixture of malic and tartaric acids; that of the mango from citric acid and a very fugitive essential oil; that of the tamarind from a mixture of citric, malic and tartaric acids.

A Water Meter Joke.

Water companies often prove that they have no conscience. The following instance shows that they are equally lacking in a sense of humor. A public body, noticing a large increase in their water bill, suggested to the company that perhaps the meter might be out of order. In reply they were informed that the meter had been tested and was found to register quite correctly and that directions would at once be given to replace it with another. Evidently an accurate meter does not meet the views of a water company.—London Chronicle.

Entitled to Respect.

"Who's de ole guy w'at jist went by?" asked the telegraph messenger.

"De ole guy wid de dinky whiskers?" replied the office boy. "Aw, he's de owner of de paper."

"An' who's de guy wid 'im?"

"'Sh! Don't git gay! He ain't no guy; dat's de sportin' editor!"—Catholic Standard.

A Fair Exchange.

Pessimist—What makes you an optimist?

Optimist—Looking at dismal chaps like you. What makes you a pessimist?

Pessimist—Looking at cheerful chaps like you.—Detroit Free Press.

American hickory is the best wood in the world for fuel. If its value is reckoned at 100, oak is worth 84, beech 65 and white pine only 60.

OLD ENGLISH HOMES.

The Hall Was the Principal Apartment In the Middle Ages.

Amid all the luxury of a modern home it is hard to realize how our Anglo Saxon ancestors lived in what now would seem a condition of utter discomfort. Comfort was, however, gradually evolved, and the present article deals with the time when a refined condition of domestic life was first beginning to assert itself.

In this connection it must be remembered that during the middle ages in England there was a general revolution in society. A new class had lately sprung into existence. Feudalism had been destroyed and the middle and lower elements of the population were rising.

With their social betterment came an improvement both in house construction and interior arrangement. Narrow streets were still the order of the day, sadly out of keeping with our modern ideas of sanitary requirements, while the houses were chiefly of the "half timber" kind, some of which had the lower story of stone and those above, each projecting over the one below, consisted of a timber framework filled in with bricks. It was a picturesque fashion, but it did not provide sunshine and air.

The rooms were usually small and dark. The hall was the principal public apartment and remained the only part of the house unaffected by the growing taste for domestic privacy. The general arrangement of this very important part of the house is made apparent to us in such pictures as that of the Hundred Men's Hall at St. Cross, near Winchester.

As the hall was the usual scene of [illegible] it was considered necessary to [illegible] for [illegible] was placed at one end of it. The [illegible] was still in the middle, where there was constructed a low platform of stone of a kind still to be seen in an old cut representing the fireplace in the great hall at Penshurst, Kent. Large iron dogs or andirons supported the logs. In some parts of England they were called "cob irons." A group of ornamental fire irons of the sixteenth century is most interesting. Often an implement placed beneath the firedog was used for moving logs.

The walls of the hall were usually furnished with tapestry, and in the middle was a table with a bench on each side. There were also a cupboard, or "hutch," with side tables, one or two chairs and perhaps a "settle." Chairs were still comparatively rare. Buffet stools were generally provided, and these commonly had a hole through the middle for [illegible]—House Beautiful.

APHORISMS.

[illegible]

[illegible]—Pascal.

The two offices of memory are collection and distribution.—Johnson.

To see good in a heart that seems [illegible] to forget good there.—William Henry Phelps.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbler.—Steele.

There is love, and there is justice. Justice is for oneself; love is for others.—R. L. Stevenson.

The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.—Colton.

Oriental Rugs.

The Armenian dealer in rugs is probably the craftiest of all shopkeepers, and his emissaries have so thoroughly ransacked the orient that the traveler is frequently advised in Persia and Afghanistan to look for the rarest and the best specimens in London and especially in New York. Yet even here the experienced purchaser can find notable bargains. A gentleman who has in Chicago a very notable collection of Bokharas and who has traveled throughout the orient in search of the rarest and the most perfect fabrics lately found three new specimens hanging before a Fifth avenue shop and bought them for prices which, allowing of course for the duty, would have been cheap in the tent of a Persian.—John Corbin in Scribner's.

German Soups.

Soups furnish a curious instance in which Germany differs from other nations in the preparation of food. Milk soups, sweet and savory, chocolate soups, almond soup and wine soup, frothed lemon soup and beer soup are among the number, while soups made of apples, pears, strawberries, currants and cherries are not uncommon. There are also a large number of fish soups which bear a strong resemblance to the fish soups of the Russian kitchen.

Understood.

Linzee—There's nothing I like better than hard work.

Morris—There's nothing you like better when somebody else is doing it.

Linzee—That's understood. I hope you didn't think I was such a fool as to like to do hard work myself, or any other kind, for that matter.—Boston Transcript.

Again Our Queer Language.

"Queer language, isn't it?"

"Why so?"

"Because of sickness I had to send my shorthand writer home yesterday."

"Well?"

"That left me shorthanded."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The world has a million roosts for a man, but only one nest.—O. W. Holmes.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, [illegible]
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McEnroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Maye, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. Holt, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Bradford.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; D. G. Battin, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—E. [illegible] Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—L. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president; M. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. P. Walsh, [illegible] Charles McKean, L. Herzog, [illegible] Hughes, Thomas Lamp, J. A. Yerion.
Justices—B. L. Kunnig, W. Stark.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—L. R. May, [illegible]
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—L. A. [illegible]
[illegible]
Judge of Election—B. E. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel [illegible], F. M. [illegible]

Lodge Directory.

[illegible]

W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F. [illegible] No. 225, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at [illegible] o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. NELLIE GRISBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE FLIRCK, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W. Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keys Hall.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

W. C. T. U.—Meets every afternoon Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. WILLET DIBVER, Pres't.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C. Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, [illegible]

Phoenix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal.—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. (Service at 11:30 a. m.) Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a. m.
Train 126, week days..........7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days..........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington, and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:16 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway, and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:25 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays

SOUTH	STATIONS	NORTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9.46	Ridgway	12.01
[illegible]	Johnsonburg	11.46
10.11	Glen Hazel	11.27
[illegible]	Straight	11.20
[illegible]	Instanter	11.16
10.31	Smith's Run	11.0[illegible]
[illegible]	Woodvale	11.04
[illegible]	Clermont	11.00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving [illegible] at 11.48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3.30 p. m. and at Ridgway with train [illegible], leaving Ridgway [illegible] p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at [illegible] p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

[illegible] General Manager. [illegible] R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

[illegible]

[illegible] at Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. [illegible] No. 5 for Warren, Irvineton, [illegible] City and Erie.

[illegible] except Sunday for Ormsby, [illegible] Kinzua [illegible] Bradford connecting at Bradford [illegible] R. R. for all points [illegible] west. Also for Mt. Jewett [illegible] Kane and intermediate points [illegible] at Kane with P. R. R. for [illegible] Ridgway, [illegible] Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:30 p. m. and 6:50 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address R. L. [illegible], Ticket Agt, Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

[illegible]

M. S. PLAIR, [illegible]
General Supt.
St. Marys, Pa.

C. R. HAMMOND,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar Eastward			STATIONS	Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.55	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.15
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.24
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.34	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.32
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.
Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.
Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Prudencio's Holy Week Shirt

By Eliza Archard Conner

Copyright, [illegible], by Eliza Archard Conner

THE coming of Easter Sunday is for the civilized native of Luzon the one annual event around which all others move. Weeks beforehand the Tagalo masculine prepares his Easter wardrobe. The Tagalo feminine does not count for much. She, too, does her little best to dress her part for Easter Sunday, but all the bravery of her attire is thrown into total eclipse by the splendor of her male counterpart's holy week shirt. And thereby hangs a tale.

To Prudencio, house servant and cal[illegible] in Manila, year of our Lord 1900, his holy week shirt was to be much more than an ordinary holy week shirt. It was to be also his wedding garment, and a shirt means much to a Tagalo, for he wears it outside his trousers [illegible] all over [illegible] kind. Easter Monday [illegible] Prudencio was to take a [illegible] wedding Feliciana, [illegible] the Señora Americana Wyse, to be his bride.

True, Feliciana had once been [illegible] to Señor José Carvajal [illegible] Agapito, but Agapito [illegible] whether dead or [illegible] nobody knew. Nobody cared. Feliciana counted herself widow and counted herself well off. That was enough. For the matter of that, Prudencio himself had been previously in bondage. He had a wife to whom, strictly within his husbandly rights, he had administered a good sound beating a few months previous to the opening of this story. Thereon she had left his bed. Her board she always had earned for herself. Prudencio accepted the situation like a philosopher, and he, too, counted himself widowed, as one might say.

[illegible]

"There [illegible] Manila [illegible] passing [illegible] the Luneta [illegible] down [illegible] accepted [illegible]

Feliciana [illegible] black hair [illegible] It was [illegible] back of her head and stuck through with ornamental gilt pins, the gift of the señora Americana and the envy of every Malay woman who saw Feliciana drive bareheaded along the Luneta in the carriage with her mistress. Her arms and hands were strong and rounded, her eyes were large for Tagalo eyes and so burning bright that when once she glanced coquettishly at Prudencio their electric rays penetrated his ever susceptible masculine heart and bowled him over like a ninepin.

Feliciana's fiery red cotton skirt was at least two inches longer tailed than those worn by the common run of Tagalo ladies. The tiny pina cloth waist she wore made no attempt to conceal the full, nobly outlined neck, for itself was low necked, after the fashion of bodice of all Tagalo women, whether plump or shriveled. To the credit of this fascinating girl it may be said that her feet, whether bare, as she usually wore them, or slippered, were generally fairly clean. Again something rather discounted: her teeth were [illegible] large, and they were white when not stained blood red with betel nut chewing. But blood red teeth were no disfigurement in the eyes of the lost in love Prudencio. While the fit was on him he would have adored his divinity had her teeth and lips been potato bug green.

Prudencio was not plump and merry like Feliciana, but in fine contrast to her was a solemn and wrinkled Tagalo. He would not talk the native dialect, but kept to high flown Spanish even among his own race. He neither danced, played the mandolin nor joined his brethren in sipa, the back kick football game of the Philippine natives. He was dignified and silent. Prudencio had little eyes set far back in his head and a tiny, puckered up mouth, as though for a long period he had been in the habit of pronouncing his own name many times daily in order to set the right lines of propriety around his lips. He lived with his distinguished and dignified master, Don Edouardo de López y Fermandez, in an old, worm eaten, ant eaten, cricket eaten, mouse eaten mansion on the edge of the bay.

"SENOR, MOST EXCELLENT"

Love brings all men low. Prudencio said to himself he had never loved till now, and, like all men under the circumstances, he believed himself. He sought the acquaintance of Feliciana the beautiful. Courtships progress rapidly under tropic skies, particularly among Filipinos. A month before holy week Prudencio obtained from Feliciana's sweet, betel nut red lips the promise that she would be his bride on Easter Monday.

He went to Don Edouardo and said he humbly kissed his feet and might he speak? He made his petition after Don Edouardo had eaten the pair of eggs passed through water which constituted his breakfast.

"Señor most excellent, my holy week shirt," said Prudencio, with head low bowed. "It is now a month before Easter. I have no money to buy my holy week shirt."

The Tagalo who saves money is as rare as the man who does not tell a lie, Don Edouardo understood. As each February rolled round he was beset by his menservants to advance them a month's wages to buy what to them was as indispensable as the wedding [illegible] like the [illegible]

FELICIANA SAW TOME'S ADMIRING GAZE.

"Prudencio [illegible] ready."

"Si, señor [illegible] Easter Monday [illegible] to the Señora Americana Wyse."

Don Edouardo did not offer congratulations. He merely [illegible] a month's wages to Prudencio and [illegible] to signify that was the end of it. Prudencio's little mouth did not relax a pucker of its dignity. The occasion was too solemn. He murmured in choice Tagalo Spanish his most stilted thanks and backed out of the presence with his tray of plates.

Prudencio got a garment that would make even Tagalo eyes bulge with envy, and they are connoisseurs in holy week shirts. Prudencio's was of pina cloth, fine, firm and lustrous, like a transparent mohair gauze. It was embroidered all over in silk with pink flowers, pink the color of love, and it was long, reaching almost to Prudencio's knees. His trousers, on the other hand, ended half way between knee and ankle, but trousers were of inferior consideration. Any bifurcated garment, old or new, would do. The shirt was the whole thing. The shirt was "it."

Then appeared on the scene Tomas.

Tomas was the valet and factotum of a capitan Americano and had picked up smart Yankee slang and ways. He wore his shirt inside his trousers, [illegible] He was Tomas [illegible] his master [illegible] Tome for short. Tome saw the beauty of Feliciana one day when she sat on the front seat of a street car smoking a long black Manila cigar. There was a gracefulness even in the way she puffed the smoke from her cigar that, as it were, took the heart right out of him. Tome looked and loved.

By the beautiful Feliciana's side sat her betrothed, Prudencio, with his dry, solemn face and mouth like a hole in a blanket. He held a parcel in which was his Easter and wedding shirt. Feliciana saw Tome's admiring gaze and half returned it. Prudencio saw it, too; saw likewise Feliciana's answering little nipped off glance, and scowled like a thundercloud.

"He's got a black heart in him for me," said Tome to himself.

Prudencio likewise said things to himself. "Wait till after Easter Monday," quotha, as who should say, "After that let her look at a man if she dares."

The car stopped as usual at the switch while the little brown driver and conductor got out and sat in the shade near by to eat their lunch. Some of the patient passengers left the car and stood in the shade too. The seat on the other side of the beautiful Feliciana thus became empty. Tome sprang into it. He saw the delicately wrapped parcel carried by Prudencio. From a chink in the paper the pink embroidery peeped out. Tome comprehended telepathically. Prudencio scowled awfully. No matter. He could not see what took place on the other side of Feliciana. Tome was handsome; he was gallant; he was dashing and bold—a Tagalo Lochinvar. Prudencio was none of these. When has there been a woman who would not want to run away from a man like Prudencio with a man like Tome?

To a Lochinvar, brown skinned though he be, opportunities are not lacking. As for a woman—a woman can always make opportunities. It was within less than a week of the wedding when Tome and Feliciana first spied each other on the poky, rickety, scandalous old Malate street car. They improved the time, and luck was with them, and Tome was already up to Yankee tricks.

Easter Sunday morning, after Prudencio had served his master's breakfast and reverently and submissively backed himself out with the dishes, he went forth to bathe in the bay. Already gayly dressed Tagalos and even Chinamen trooped through the streets, with a wisp of green tied around one leg to keep off diseases and the evil eye for a longer or shorter period, according to the faith of the wearer. Prudencio's heart leaped within him at thought of the "splurge" he himself would cut among them an hour later clad in his gorgeous Easter Sunday, Easter Monday wedding shirt. He had his garments, the precious holy week shirt beneath the rest, in a safe place and in the bathing suit that nature gave him waded far out in the shallow waters of Manila bay. He paused not till he was an eighth of a mile from shore. He took a good bath while he was at it.

Scores of other men, likewise women and children, were also enjoying their Sunday morning bath in the bay. Prudencio had withdrawn himself from the main group of bathers ere he disrobed to enter the water. He thought not even a thieving Philippine monkey could find where he concealed his garments.

But [illegible] eyes had followed him [illegible] the eyes of one who [illegible] monkey, when [illegible] steal [illegible] Tome. [illegible]

[illegible] Prudencio [illegible] sprang from [illegible] quickness [illegible] the priceless holy week [illegible] the parcel and ran [illegible] No eye save his ever rested on [illegible] garment again and what he did with it this chronicler knows not.

Prudencio [illegible] from the water [illegible] salt water. The holy [illegible] He was stricken dumb. [illegible] Easter morning [illegible] week shirt [illegible]

[illegible] his hands [illegible] Scotch language [illegible] not [illegible] he sat upon the ground and shrieked "Psst!" as he had seen his master do when in a towering rage to express his contempt for the miscreant who had wronged him.

Finally the solemn little man went all to pieces and for the first time in five years just lapsed into common, low down Tagalo.

"Pag, dag, bag, tag, og, pog, bong, gogog!" were the sounds that exploded on the air like cartridges. He smote his head upon the sands, gathered up the few remnants of his ruined glory and disappeared.

HE WAS STRICKEN DUMB.

There was a wedding on Easter Monday, and the bride was Feliciana. This part of the programme was executed, but the happy pair were united by a military chaplain Americano, and the bridegroom was not Prudencio, but Tomas.

A Question of Eating.

Some small men consume more food than large ones. The result must depend upon a great variety of circumstances. It may be said generally that there is no reason for asserting that a big man consumes or requires more food than a small one. It is of course evident that any person in good health and in a healthy climate, doing a large amount of physical and mental work, requires more sustenance than one who under the same conditions passes a sedentary and inactive existence. The proportion of vital force which goes toward carrying on the work of the body is so much larger than that which is used in merely building up its frame that there is no comparison between the two.

A small steam engine, working at high pressure and running a lot of machinery all day, may be doing double the work and therefore consuming twice as much fuel as a big one at half the pressure and working slowly. So it will be seen that the amount of food required should really depend chiefly upon the amount of work done, but habit has so much to do with this matter that it is impossible to formulate any precise rules.

TRAINING A LION.

The Beast Is Conquered by Persuasion Rather Than by Force.

"Suppose," said an animal expert, "that I am about to train a lion to perform certain tricks. If I went at once into his cage and attempted to drive him, I would probably be killed. But I don't do that. Before I try to teach him anything I let the lion get used to me. I hang about his cage day after day, calling to him and keeping in his sight. He would see me late at night and early in the morning. I would give him his food and water. Occasionally I would pat his head and gradually the lion comes to have a friendly feeling toward me. I become, as it were, an acquaintance of his, and from becoming accustomed to me the lion grows to like me, and I begin to like the lion, too, just as you would like any big pet, a horse or a big dog. Then I go into the lion's cage without being obtrusive or brusque. The big dangerous beast, having got used to seeing me outside, scarcely notices the difference when I am in his private domain. I gradually approach him and drive him about the cage, cracking my whip so that he will know that I mean business. The lion probably believes that there is much greater power in that whip than there really is. If I hit him with it, I do not hurt him. There is a knack in cracking a whip so that it will not give much pain. I could swing a whip on you and strike you with a 'crack,' but you would scarcely feel it.

"The general principle of animal training is to proceed easily and gradually, [illegible] persistent, but not aggressive [illegible] opposition by persuasion [illegible] defeat opposition [illegible] It is the same course [illegible] You first become acquainted with the man from whom you wish to obtain a favor. Then, as a feeling of friendship grows between you, [illegible] is at last glad to do as you wish."—[illegible] Weekly.

SHOPPING IN GERMANY.

Methods That Astonished a Grumbling American Woman.

Perhaps it would be [illegible] to generalize too confidently, but there are shopkeepers in Germany who make no great effort to dispose of their goods. An instance of this is given in "Three [illegible] Women." The author accompanied an American lady on a shopping excursion in Munich. She had been accustomed to shopping in London and New York and grumbled at everything the man showed her. It was not that she was really dissatisfied. This was her method.

She explained that she could get most things cheaper and better elsewhere. Not that she really thought she could. Merely she held it good for the shopkeeper to say this. She told him that his stock lacked taste. He did not argue with her. He did not contradict her. He put the things back into their respective boxes, replaced the boxes on their respective shelves, walked into the little parlor behind the shop and closed the door.

"Isn't he ever coming back?" asked the lady after two or three minutes had elapsed. Her tone did not imply a question so much as an exclamation of mere impatience.

"I doubt it," I replied.

"Why not?" she asked, much astonished.

"I expect," I answered, "you have bored him. In all probability he is at this moment behind that door smoking a pipe and reading the paper."

"What an extraordinary shopkeeper!" said my friend as she gathered her parcels together and indignantly walked out.

"It's their way," I explained. "They are the goods. If you want them, you may have them. If you do not want them, [illegible] rather that [illegible]"

Fame's Brief Life.

One thing is certain in regard to fame—for most of us it will be very brief in itself, for all of us it will be transient in our enjoyment of it. When death has dropped the curtain, we shall hear no more applause, and, though we fondly dream that it will continue after we have left the stage, we do not realize how quickly it will die away in silence while the audience turns to look at the new actor and the next scene. Our position in society will be filled as soon as it is vacated and our name remembered only for a moment, except, please God, by a few who have learned to love us not because of fame, but because we have helped them and done them some good.—Henry Van Dyke.

A Dread Ordeal.

The Rev. Mr. Inch of Dumbarton tells how on one occasion in his old church in Dundee a brother minister had preached a rather long sermon, and he (Mr. Inch) had occasion later on to enter the pulpit to make an intimation, whereupon a "wee Macgregor," who was in the gallery with his mother and the rest of the family, took fright and exclaimed very loudly: "Come awa', maw. There's anither man gaun tae begin!"—Glasgow Times.

Too Eager For His Own Profit.

Hewitt—I overreached myself the other day.

Jewett—How?

Hewitt—I was so anxious to unload a lot of pennies on a street car conductor that I forgot I had a transfer ticket in my pocket.—Brooklyn Life.

Parliamentary Procedure.

"The first thing to be done," said the committeeman in an important tone, "is to organize. Therefore"—

"I beg your pardon," said an older member. "We have not been photographed yet."—Judge.

One trouble with the pursuit of happiness is that other people get in the way.

IT FLASHED FOR THROCMORTON

By Bushrod C. Washington

Copyright, [illegible], by McClure's Newspaper Syndicate

"Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?" asked the clerk of twelve solemn faced men in the jury box.

"We have," responded the foreman, handing a folded paper to the clerk, who read aloud the indorsement on the back: "We, the jury, find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree, as charged in the indictment."

"William Throcmorton," said Judge Smithson, with judicial sternness, "after a fair trial, defended by able counsel, you stand convicted of the cruel and deliberate murder of Olive Graham.

"It has been shown that the young woman had promised to become your wife. Her parents, confiding in your honorable intentions, had recognized you as her accepted lover and the door of their home was open to you.

"While the motive in your crime is not apparent, the facts which fasten it upon you are linked into a chain of circumstances strong and incontrovertible.

"You stood with Olive Graham on the porch of her home; an instant later her cry for mercy was heard by her parents above the storm then raging. Hastening to her assistance, they found her murdered body on the slope of the [illegible] from the door.

"You were taken soon after [illegible] the bloody knife with which the deed was done having been found upon your person.

"You have pleaded 'not guilty,' but have not disproved a single fact the state alleged against you.

"The penalty of your crime as by statute fixed is death. Have you anything to say why the sentence should not be pronounced?"

Throcmorton was a [illegible] methodist [illegible] character [illegible] held [illegible] and was [illegible] gift of [illegible] was [illegible] The [illegible] was [illegible] the [illegible]

When the last word fell from Judge Smithson, the character of the man and the stubborn facts of the case stood in solemn contrast. In such a contest character must lose.

The eyes of Throcmorton shone straight into the eyes of the judge. There was nothing of bravado in his manner, neither tremor nor sign of weakening.

"If it please your honor," responded the prisoner, rising as he spoke, "it will shock you and all present when I say I mourn for Olive Graham and am innocent. But what is it worth to say it in the face of the evidence? Had I sat with the jury I must have come to their verdict. I am ready, your honor, for the sentence."

Moved by some sudden impulse the judge turned to the sheriff and said in a faltering voice: "Remove the prisoner and return him for sentence to the bar of this court. The day and hour the court will later indicate."

* * * * * * *

Old Graham was a pensioned track inspector, who loved the thunder of trains and scream of whistles.

He had built his house thirty feet from the roadbed. Just back of it and extending down to the track was an abrupt twenty foot cliff of shale, the perpendicular face of which was smooth. It was in front of it that they found the body of Olive.

No. 40 just ran out of the roundhouse, had backed up and coupled to the St. Louis express. It was Tom Doyle's pet engine.

Doyle was looking from the cab window for the signal to start. As an engineer he was a good second to Throcmorton. He was Throc's next friend and was to have been best man at his wedding.

He believed Throcmorton was innocent because he couldn't believe otherwise. But there were the facts, and when he thought of them there was a lump in his throat.

Ted Elzie, Doyle's fireman, had just raked the grate when a squad of the boys came by.

"What's the news?" asked Ted.

"Throc's guilty an' got to swing," came back from the crowd.

"Fifty juries couldn't make me believe Throc killed Ollie Grah'm," said Doyle, emphasizing with his fist on the window sill.

The day had been sweltering, clouds had gathered and the night was black.

It was down grade, and Tom Doyle, with hand on throttle valve and eye on the rails, was ready to slack at the curve.

The storm had burst, and just as the engine struck the curve a flash of lightning and the focus of the headlight met full on the face of the cliff. The sight Tom Doyle saw made him reel and grip the lever.

* * * * * * *

"A letter for Mr. Absalom Conway!" called out Goggin, the worthy proprietor of a San Francisco gambling den, putting emphasis on "Mr. Absalom." "That's you, Ab, I reckon," he added, tossing him the letter.

Mr. Conway eyed the letter full a minute and, looking nervously over his shoulder, tore the envelope.

W——o, Aug. 4, 1899.

Friend Ab—They say my nerves is broke an' I mus' run half time or throw up. I'll divvy my runs with you, an' if my nerves don't mend yours is the job fer good. Right away you must come. An' it's yours I am, TOM DOYLE.

* * * * * * *

In the cab of No. 40 sat Absalom Conway to divide the run with Doyle. Ted Elzie was fireman. There was distant thunder, big drops [illegible] ter and the wind [illegible] on.

"Judge it is the cab, Ted, [illegible] we strike the curve," said Doyle [illegible] his breath as he put foot on the engine step.

Forked fire tore the sky, scattered telegraph poles and played in [illegible] flames around the engine wheels as they sped onward.

A flash of tremendous voltage, and the cliff glowed white within the headlight's circle.

Conway's hand dropped [illegible] the lever, and he stood dazed and trembling.

"Me and Ted saw it, Ab," said Doyle. "The [illegible] what made you do it?"

Before he could catch himself Conway exclaimed: "She jilted me, and I swore she'd never marry Throcmorton."

"And how did Throc come by the bloody knife?" asked Doyle.

"I dropped it into his coat pocket as I dashed by him half way into town," replied Conway and, becoming dogged, quit answering.

* * * * * * *

The radius of a circle drawn in [illegible] on the smooth face of the rock marked the place where the headlight [illegible] as the engine struck the curve.

A [illegible] supporting apparatus [illegible] by Professor W[illegible] of the State university. It was [illegible] with the power [illegible] house.

Judge Smithson, members of the [illegible] representatives of the press were present. Old Graham and his wife stood [illegible] Throcmorton [illegible] supported [illegible] them and Tom Doyle with Ted [illegible]

At a signal from Professor W[illegible] intense light from the [illegible] was thrown upon the spot.

There was a suppressed exclamation as a picture appeared within the circle.

It was more than life size and [illegible]

There upon the face of the rock stood the grim counterpart of Absalom Conway. His right arm encircled Olive Graham's waist, his left hand clutching the [illegible] knife in half descended stroke.

"Lightning photography," said the professor, "[illegible] a freak among natural phenomena. The picture can only be seen under light approaching in brightness the flash that fixed it."

A Mysterious Disappearance.

The disappearance of Benjamin Bathurst, a kinsman of Lord Bathurst, has never been explained. Bathurst was sent on a secret mission to Vienna at the time that England, before opening the peninsula campaign, sought to persuade Austria to declare by way of distraction war against France. Austria soon after crossed the French frontier, and Bathurst received hints of threatened personal doom. Hoping to avoid examination he took a northerly route in returning to England, and on reaching Perleberg, in Brandenburg, he visited in his agitation the commandant of cuirassiers, requesting that sentries might mount guard at the inn where he stopped. These were supplied, and Bathurst spent the day in writing and destroying letters.

Shortly before his carriage came to the door in the dusk of a November evening he told some troopers who escorted him that they might withdraw. While all the household was on the alert to see him off he walked beyond the circle of the lantern glare and was lost to sight at the head of the horses. This occurred on Nov. 25, 1809, and Bathurst was never seen or heard of [illegible]

What He Really Said.

A gentleman calling on an M. P. one day while waiting in the reception room was attracted by the manner of the small attendant and started a random conversation.

"And how much do you earn a week, my boy?" he inquired.

"Ten pounds," said the youngster with avidity.

Being shown into the member's private office just then, the visitor's surprise found vent in words.

"Mighty bright youth you have there to be getting £10 a week," he remarked.

"Why," said the M. P., "he only gets 22 shillings."

"But he told me just now you were giving him £10 a week," persisted the gentleman.

"Nonsense," said the M. P., and he touched the bell. "Billy," he said, "did you tell this gentleman I was paying you £10 a week?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't? Well, what did you say?"

"I said I earned it," was the prompt and stout rejoinder.

Dainty Chairs.

A firm of upholsterers became so busy that they could no longer keep pace with the work they had to do, so they called on a little jobbing cabinetmaker and asked him if he would make half a dozen chairs for them by a certain date.

The man took the order and lost but little time in executing it and still less time in obtaining the money for them. The work, however, turned out to be a failure, and the firm sent for the man and exposed to his view quite a heap of the various limbs that go to make a chair.

The practical joiner gave a look of surprise and proceeded to pick up the pieces and place them together without saying a word.

Presently he laid the pieces back again in a heap and, looking at them, exclaimed in a most emphatic manner, "Why, those chairs must have been sat on!"—Kansas City Independent.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

The TRIBULATIONS OF A PRODIGY

By W. Livingston Larned

Copyright, 1902, by W. Livingston Larned

THERE was nothing unusual in Catherine's appearance except perhaps a "grownup" look of the eyes, which in a child so young was quite out of the ordinary. She had her dolls, was promenaded on the avenue and in the park and cried like other youngsters.

Catherine's advent on the scene had been brilliant. Her mother and herself, together with much pretentious looking luggage, all bedangled with various tags and labels covered with German names, had suddenly flashed on the horizon. It was at the hour when a crowd of children were out in the well shaded street, and the big house that had been closed all winter at once became the center of attraction.

Interest was kept at fever heat until a dray came to a stop in front of the big house and several brawny men commenced to unload a big box.

"That's her piano," explained Miss Wetherbee, with pardonable pride at her superiority of knowledge. "My mamma told me that she had a special one that nobody else touched. It's been all fixed up for her with special pedals and 'things.'" Miss Wetherbee, who besides being the daughter of a music teacher, was dressed in a new pink creation of her mother's make, was speedily surrounded by an admiring group.

"Tell us about her!" [illegible] more than one eager voice.

Miss Wetherbee drew herself up [illegible] near the [illegible].

"Yes," she continued, "her name's Catherine McDonald, and she plays so fine that a rich man sent her and her mother over to Germany so she could study music. My mamma has heard her, and she says that heaven sent [illegible] her finger tips to play. She does just as good as Paddy[illegible] or [illegible] or any of the famous folks."

The very first person to really talk with Catherine was a [illegible] the boy whose [illegible] barrels had [illegible] considered his personal appearance. [illegible] on the third day [illegible] polished door of the big house was cautiously opened and a girl's face [illegible] peered. It was framed in [illegible] and the eyes that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] knowledge of sorrow.

[illegible] Miss Wetherbee [illegible]. "These folks [illegible]"

[illegible] party [illegible] [illegible] was almost as bad [illegible] walked slowly down the opposite side of the street until she met Jim.

Jim had his trousers hoisted under his chin by one forlorn suspender and

"WHATCHU GOT?"

his stockings were only grotesque caricatures of the real thing, but he possessed one treasure which, if not as necessary as the clothing, had at least the redeeming feature of being mysteriously attractive. Some one had given Jim a big poster. It was done in colors and represented a sprightly pickaninny with impossible kinks trying to create havoc on the business end of a big banjo.

"Whatchu got?" asked the prodigy in very commonplace English. Jim hitched at his one suspender in momentary embarrassment, but her cordial manner won him over.

"A pictur'," he replied. Then, unable to pin himself down to impersonal things, "Say, ye plays de pianner, don't yer?"

Catherine had scarcely expected this. She simply nodded her head and, reaching for the poster, held it up, taking in every detail of the comical little figure. Jim shuffled from one foot to the other mechanically. His mind was busy.

"Would yer mother let ye perform in Mike Slarity's saloon?" he ventured finally. "I tole Mike—dat's de man wot's de whole t'ing dere—dat yo was a wonder, and he tole me ter tell ye dat he'd be willin' ter cough up as much as ten fer five evenin's out of every week. It's steady, [illegible] said. Say, Mike, he's the boss."

What further might have been arranged [illegible] not been for an interruption. Jim's mother appeared on the scene most unexpectedly, and poor Jim was whisked around the corner by one ear, his precious minstrel poster trailing after him.

* * * * * * * * *

Haney street experienced a thrill when the announcement was made that Catherine was to give a birthday party. There she should meet all the little representatives of that neighborhood, and furthermore how hearts went pitapat at the thought—her mother was to let her entertain the guests.

Miss Wetherbee felt that the crisis was at hand. For two days her mother had been making for her a new dress that boasted big black bows and was to be christened on the afternoon of the memorable party.

SHE WAS DRAGGING A SOBBING, TOUSLED LITTLE GIRL.

Ah, the days of the reign of childhood and its sorrows! Every one else began to speak of invitations. But Miss Wetherbee had received none. The days passed rapidly until the morning of Tuesday and Miss Wetherbee from a position in the window of her house behind shimmering curtains looked out upon a world that asked sunshine. The [illegible] realization dawned upon her. [illegible] She was not invited to the party! She had been snubbed, forgotten!

Her mother had been called suddenly away and the big house was deserted except for herself. She went sobbing into her mother's room and tore off the new dress regardless of lace and snapping black ribbons.

She did not dare leave the house. Little girls in starched dresses were flitting past with their maids and she would be laughed at. Every one would ask her why she was not going to the party, and then the humiliating truth must come out. She crept slowly to the window in the front room and peeped through the curtain. There they were—it was after 4 now—a small procession of her friends, laughing and chatting and discussing the treat which was in store for them.

Two tear stained hands doubled up in the snowy curtains. Miss Wetherbee was righteously angry.

It was not until the procession of new dresses had gone into the shadows beyond the big polished door of the house opposite that Miss Wetherbee saw Jim. He was seated on the steps of her own door.

Ordinarily she would not have given him a thought, but now anger at others brought her into closer touch with this vagrant. Jim was whistling to himself and watching the big house. She tapped on the window pane, and he looked up.

There was a hurried brushing aside of tears, and a moment later she had opened the door.

"They think they're big, don't they?" she began, looking meaningly in the direction of the other house.

"They're havin' a blowout, ain't they?" was Jim's comment. "Do ye know her?"

"I don't want to," was the diplomatic response.

"Don't want ter!" And Jim's eyebrows were raised in wonderment. "Why, she ain't nuthin' but a kid, and she's been on de big liners and plays as good as de men at de t'eater."

Miss Wetherbee would have said something, but the big poster in Jim's capacious pocket attracted her attention. "What's that?" she inquired.

Jim's face lighted radiantly. He pulled out the crumpled sheet and spread it for her inspection. "Dat," he began again—"dat's de offercial docerment wot lies between me and all kinds of coin. I'm tryin' ter fix things so as de goil over dere kin make a rep. Mike Slarity—everybody knows Mike—he tole me dat he'd give this here pianner goil ten plunks fer five evenin's in his place, and, wot's more, if I fix it fer him I'm ter have a side deal." Jim had now grown thoroughly enthusiastic. "I haven't seen her but onct, but I think she'd go."

Miss Wetherbee gasped for breath. She looked at Jim, at the comical poster and at the big house across the street. An idea had flashed upon her—a glorious, wonderful, startling idea.

"There's a lot of money. I heard one [illegible] say Catherine was engaged [illegible] next week—engaged to play [illegible] P'raps she's told her mother [illegible] all settled."

It was Jim's turn to become excited. He knew that he had spoken with the prodigy.

"By jiminy!" exclaimed the little tattered waif, weaving a fresh design on the already grotesque face. "Dat might be so. Say, I'm in luck. Mike's place [illegible] ter de ash cans next Monday. He'll advertise it, on de level, he will."

Advertise it! Miss Wetherbee's black eyes sparkled. A little later two children of oddly different appearances were busily engaged in pasting a white strip on to the minstrel poster. The old letters were obliterated and new ones put in their place.

Jim walked proudly down the front steps shortly afterward with a curious bundle under his arm.

* * * * * * * *

Officer Leghorn was the first to see it. He stopped short in front of the big house and put his gloved hand up to his eyes as if unwilling to believe that his vision had not been tampered with. Tacked to the door and prominent enough to be seen a block away was a big colored poster. It represented a small negro urchin playing on a banjo, and the white space around the figure was covered with carelessly shaped letters. After much study Officer Leghorn deciphered the following:

"Miss Catherin McDonald, de world's greatest kid pianner player, will positively appear at Mike Slarity's saloon next Monday night. She is a wunder. Come wun, come all."

At the very bottom of the poster this edifying statement had been placed:

"Mike Slarity gives de biggest glass of beer for 5 cents in de city."

Officer Leghorn read it over and over again. Then his gaze wandered to the pretentious house front, with its elaborate fixtures.

"It's funny that they'd let 'em put up the posters on their front door," he soliloquized, scratching his head. "The family must be out of recess."

He was joined by two business men coming home. There was an exchange of glances.

"Mike keeps the toughest dance hall in town," was Officer Leghorn's comment.

The interested spectators were joined by others who wanted to read the gaudy poster.

Just across the street a little flushed face was pressed against the pane, and two very black, bright eyes were watching developments with unstinted excitement. Miss Wetherbee's revenge was destined to be complete.

Strange as it may seem, there had been no interruption from the occupants of the big house. Mrs. Rankin, straight and prim in her black dress, walked down Haney street in the direction of the house. She had promised to call for her little daughter. Mrs. Rankin's state of mind when she discovered that her little daughter was being entertained by a saloon sketch artist, a terrible little degenerate, that made money for her equally depraved mother by doing variety turns in a dance hall, may be understood. Mrs. Rankin gathered up her skirts, [illegible] made a dart for the steps, pushing the crowd aside [illegible]. When she appeared once more she was dragging a sobbing, [illegible], tousled little girl after her. Others followed, dozens of them, all in their very best bibs, but [illegible] and the melee on the steps and sidewalk when the crowd was reinforced with the party guests was odd enough to make one believe a catastrophe had occurred.

Then Jim came, poor, unassuming Jim, puffed up with pride over the success of his brilliant scheme, fresh from Mike's place, where his reception had been beyond all expectations. There Catherine stood sobbing, like a dozen others, her dress quite rumpled and her "grownup" eyes searching the crowd. Jim longed to yell up to her. All this was simply the happy culmination of his heart's greatest desire; the advertising game had worked "bully." Just see what a crowd had collected! Her debut at Mike's would crush all previous records of vaudeville artists.

"I'll bet she's proud—well, say!" he chirped gleefully.

Alas for the fondest of dreams, luckless Jim's awakening came with only too much rapidity. The little girl who had been the inspiration of it all, the brown haired prodigy with the drooping eyes, she it was who called forth this sad ending. A moment before he was congratulating himself; a moment before his tan cheeks had burned with pleasure. She had waved her hands. She had pointed to him. He, just Jim, was recognized by the prodigy of Haney street, and before this finely rigged out assembly! Then—then some one grabbed him savagely by the arm.

"It's ye, Mr. Leghorn!" he stammered.

Officer Leghorn nodded.

"I thought there was something wrong about that sign business," he said aggressively. "You alley kids are the limit."

Jim was not "sent up."

True, he had been guilty of placing the poster on the door, but in some mysterious way Catherine became acquainted with the facts in the case and appeared in his behalf, asking that he be released. Perhaps it was because a certain conscience stricken little girl found a soiled invitation behind the rug in the vestibule, where a careless postman had dropped it and because that little girl made a secret confession to Catherine that Jim's mother was not to enjoy two weeks of well merited rest.

The Smell of the Sea.

The odor of the sea—the wild, salt tang "from wind swept spaces blown"—what freedom is in its breath! "Sea folk and therefore free folk" are they who breathe it. Not all the sweets of summer roses steeped in sunshine can lull the homesickness of sea folk long banished from sea smells, and when at last their strong, free gladness again salutes the sense it is as though a barrier falls, and the heart finds home. So with the pine smell to the mountaineer. "Damp, wood smoke, dripping undergrowth and rotting pine cones—that is the true smell of the hills, and if it once gets into the blood of a man he will at last, forgetting everything else, return to the hills to die."

His Strenuous Way.

Spavin—Hello, Cantle! Exercising your horse this morning?

Cantle (mounted)—That was my intention when I started out, but it seems to me the horse has been exercising me.—Boston Transcript.

Sicilian Grass.

In Sicily there is a wild grass which, when ripe at the end of summer, is gathered by the peasantry, tied in bundles and set on fire, not, however, to be consumed, but for a rapid scorching. The flame flies rapidly through the light husks and beard of the plant and leaves the seeds slightly roasted, in which state they are eaten with considerable relish by numbers of the rural population.

The botanical name of this Sicilian grass is aegilops, or goatseye, the Greeks having believed it to be a remedy for a disease that appears in one corner of the eye. There are three or four species growing all around the Mediterranean as well as in the islands, chiefly on the hot, dry, sandy places near the sea. They flourish even on the scorched volcanic soils, in strange contrast to their arid and barren surroundings, showing that the vital principle in them is unusually energetic and proof against extremes of heat.

A Homely Axiom.

"Do not bite off a bigger piece than you can chew" is a homely axiom that it is safe to heed and which expresses in language more forcible perhaps than elegant a vital truth. But although we all know the misery of undertaking too much, of having more care upon us than we know how to manage, why is it that we over and over again place ourselves in this uncomfortable position? How easy it would be to gauge our powers and our purses at their exact values and act accordingly if we only would. But it is forever the same old story.

We steadily pile up burdens upon our shoulders that are absolutely needless. [illegible] after a time weigh as heavily as would [illegible] Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea. [illegible] out of ten people [illegible] beyond their strength and beyond [illegible]. What a waste of vital power that means, what depression and work [illegible]!

Mosquitoes and Sounds.

A doctor, writing from Port of Spain, Trinidad, to a medical journal, tells of his experiments with mosquitoes. He says that one of his childish amusements when playing with his companions in the early evening was to strike a note that would attract the insects. As he remembers, the most alluring sound was a continuous "oo" sung in a medium key, which was quickly changed to "ah" in a lower tone and dwelt on in the same way. The effect on the mosquitoes was magical. Their singing would quickly increase in volume, and they would immediately attack the faces of the children, who, strange to say, enjoyed the sport. But the mosquitoes did not enjoy it long, for their love of music afforded an excellent opportunity of killing them.

He Knew Himself.

A Scotch [illegible] took a [illegible] gambler to a religious meeting. The preacher [illegible] a large part of his discourse to [illegible] reflections upon the past [illegible] together. The man who had escorted the gambler to the meeting thought it incumbent on him to apologize for introducing him into a place where he would hear himself [illegible].

"I didn't know that was the way this preacher was going to talk," he said, "or I wouldn't have asked you to come."

"Oh, don't worry about that," was the reply. "There never was a sermon worth a cuss that didn't hit me somewhere."

An Odd Advertisement.

The sudden popularity some years ago of Mr. Shorthouse's book, "John Inglesant," is attributed to an odd incident. "Mr. Gladstone," says the London Express, "was sitting to a photographer and holding in his hand a copy of 'John Inglesant.' The gold lettering on the cover caught the light, and the title showed clearly in the photograph. The likeness of the great statesman proved a very popular one, and its circulation broadcast over the country led to a widespread demand for the book."

Appreciation.

"You have great admiration for your wife's judgment," said the friend.

"I have," answered Mr. Meekton. "She's the only woman who ever said 'Yes' when I proposed to her."—Washington Star.

Rather Dense.

Wigg—He's rather dense, isn't he?

Wagg—Yes. He wouldn't recognize the point of a joke if he sat down on it.—Philadelphia Record.

Keep doing, always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing and repining are all idle and profitless employments.

Anger ventilated often hurries toward forgiveness. Anger concealed often hardens into revenge.—Bulwer.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Financial Statement

OF SMETHPORT BOROUGH, 1902.

W. P. Walsh, Treasurer, in account with Smethport Borough.

BOROUGH FUND.

Dr.		
To cash on hand last audit	$[illegible]	
To cash from A. W. Boyd, County Treasurer, taxes and licenses	[illegible] 62	
To cash from Carl Sasse, Collector	211 09	
To cash from F. W. Brownell, Burgess, fines and licenses	165 00	
To cash from sewer assessments	402 [illegible]	
To cash from Smethport Gas Company	[illegible] 00	
To cash from bonds, Nos. 57-64, inclusive	8000 00	
To cash from N. Y. & Pa. T. & T. Co., pole tax	102 [illegible]	
To cash from State Treasurer, insurance tax	94 76	
To cash from sidewalks	44 [illegible]	
To overdraft to balance account	17 [illegible]	[illegible]
Cr.		
By orders paid, police	871 [illegible]	
By orders paid, labor on streets	960 16	
By orders paid, painting, printing, &c.	445 39	
By orders paid, lumber and material	[illegible]	
By orders paid, water, insurance and rent	280 00	
By orders paid, secretary, attorney, auditors, &c.	416 45	
By orders paid, balance hose debt	199 [illegible]	
By orders paid, Mill & Willow street sewer	[illegible]	
By orders paid, Church street sewer	466 90	
By orders paid, board for prisoners	22 00	
By orders paid, pest house and quarantine	[illegible]	
By paid commission to Treasurer, 2 per cent on $[illegible]	[illegible]	
By paid commission to Treasurer, collecting sewer assessments	14 76	[illegible]

BOND FUND.

Dr.		
To cash on hand last audit	[illegible]	
To cash from Carl Sasse, Collector	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cr.		
By paid bonds, Nos. [illegible] and [illegible]	[illegible]	
By paid interest on bonds	[illegible]	
By paid commission to Treasurer, 2 per cent on [illegible]	[illegible]	
By [illegible] in hands of W. P. Walsh, Treasurer	[illegible]	[illegible]

CARL SASSE, Collector, 1901 duplicate, in account with Smethport Borough.

Dr.		
To balance last Auditor's Report	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cr.		
By cash paid W. P. Walsh, Treasurer	[illegible] 72	
By exonerations allowed by Council	[illegible]	
By five per cent commission on $[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

CARL SASSE, Collector, 1902 duplicate, in account with Smethport Borough.

Dr.		
To amount of duplicate	[illegible]	
To five per cent added on $[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cr.		
By cash paid W. P. Walsh, Treasurer	[illegible]	
By five per cent discount allowed taxpayers	[illegible]	
By [illegible]	[illegible]	
By five per cent [illegible]	[illegible]	
By [illegible] 1902 duplicate outstanding	[illegible]	[illegible]

LIABILITIES.

Orders outstanding, Nos. [illegible]	[illegible]	
Bonds outstanding, Nos. [illegible]	[illegible]	
Interest accrued [illegible]	[illegible]	
Note [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

RESOURCES.

Balance Carl Sasse, Collector, 1902 duplicate	[illegible] 77	
Balance sewer assessments, old matters	[illegible]	
Balance sewer assessments, 1900 matters	[illegible]	
Tax 1902 from Union Telephone Company	[illegible]	
Tax 1902 from W. U. Telegraph Company	[illegible]	
Cash in hands of W. P. Walsh, Treasurer	[illegible]	
Liabilities in excess of resources	[illegible]	[illegible]

And now, April 4, 1903, having examined the accounts and vouchers of W. P. Walsh, Treasurer, and of the several Tax Collectors above named, we find and report balances as above stated.

GUY McCOY,
C. C. CHOATE,
Auditors.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

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Physicians

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, at Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and Residence in Reilly Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

F. R. Young, B. S., M. D.
Office over D. C. Young's store.
Bell 'phone at house and store.
Office Hours [illegible] a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-8 p m

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GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable

HOTEL IMPERIAL.
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
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This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
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Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
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CHADWICK HOUSE,
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First-class in every respect
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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